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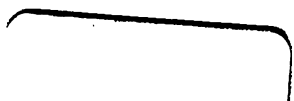
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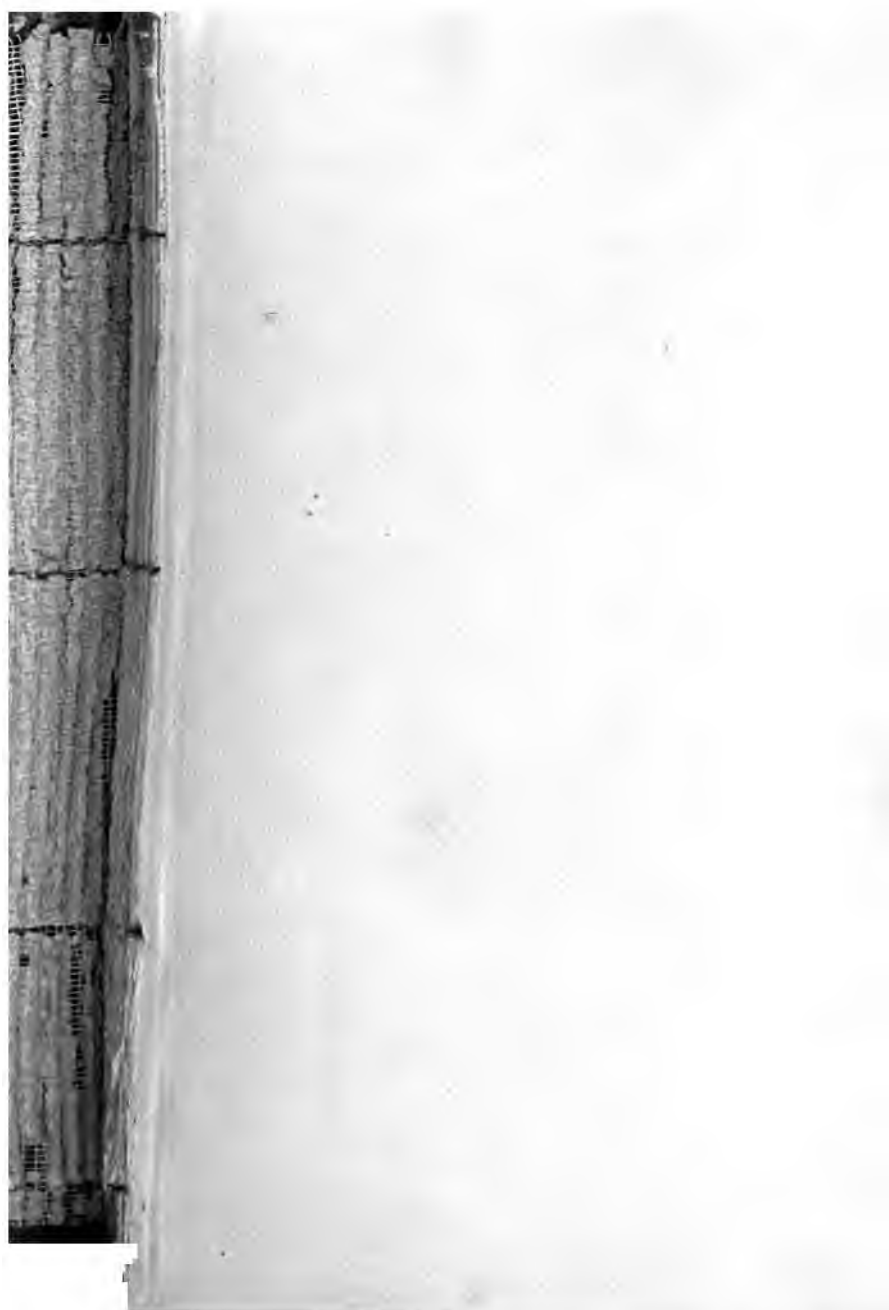
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SIR TOMMY  
BY  
FRANK DUNLAP FRISBIE







# SIR TOMMY

*A CHRONICLE OF SIX EVENTS  
IN HIS LIFE*

BY  
FRANK DUNLAP FRISBIE

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THE Author dedicates this book of six events in the life of an American city society man to those so-called butterflies of fashion, who, on account of inherited wealth or by reason of circumstances, pass through, in apparent idleness, their allotted existence. A fair sample of his class is described in the following pages, this man having done brave acts and spoken kind, thoughtful words, making the friends he has served happier for his friendship.





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**AN EVENING'S EXPERIENCE.**



## AN EVENING'S EXPERIENCE.

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**R**AIN, rain, nothing but rain. It has been raining steadily for the past two days; the sidewalks are wet and sloppy; the streets ankle deep with water, mud, and the remnants of a late snow storm. The tall buildings, which shut in the various thoroughfares of the city, stand in their massive, colossal strength and height, monuments to modern skill and ingenuity. The dull appearance of the outside world is somewhat relieved by the numerous electric lights overhead, by the cars that whiz past, seemingly pushed or pulled by unseen hands, and by the brilliantly lighted entrances of cafés, saloons, theatres,

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and other places of amusement. The hands of many clocks in the windows and elsewhere point to 7.30 P. M. The hour explains the presence of so many people on the street. This is the busiest social season of the year, and humanity, with a grim determination not to be balked by the elements, is on the way for an evening of enjoyment, to be had according to the taste of the individual. The store clerk, with his wife or sweetheart, is hurrying along to some variety entertainment or to secure seats in the gallery of one of the theatres. Passing them in a rapidly-moving carriage is the man of wealth, accompanied by his family, no doubt with the same destination in view, the only difference being that his place of vantage is to be a box or seats in the orchestra. The chance pedestrian has to keep his eyes and ears open to avoid an upward shower of mud, not at all desirable, as

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the down-pour of rain is sufficient to satisfy the wants of an average human being. At this moment, from a brilliantly-lighted hotel hurries the tall, erect figure of a man, his personality effectually hidden by a dark ulster reaching to his heels and an umbrella held closely over his head to protect him from the wind and the rain. As he strides along there is something about him that would attract attention. It is difficult to tell whether it is his military bearing or the remarkable distance he covers at each stride. Whoever he may be, his locomotion is rapid, and he evidently intends to reach his destination in short order. As the gentleman leaves the business centre behind him the street becomes more gloomy; there are fewer lighted windows, fewer people, and the electric cars, here farther apart, travel at a reduced speed. Suddenly he halts, and, lifting his umbrella, glances sharply



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along the buildings — part retail stores, part wholesale — on either side. For an instant there is a lull in the storm ; the street in the immediate vicinity is deserted, and crying, as of some one in distress, is plainly heard.

“Where the deuce does that noise come from?” the gentleman growls in an undertone. “It must be near. I am not going on until I find out.”

Suiting action to his words, he begins a search into each doorway, but is unsuccessful until the side lamp of a passing hack, flashing onto the steps of a brick store building, solves the mystery. With an exclamation of satisfaction he proceeds into the sheltered doorway and closes the umbrella.

“Confound my luck!” he exclaims, “I don’t believe I have a match about me. That’s always the way. Here I am an inveterate smoker, and never think of moving an inch outside my own

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door without cigars and the rest of the fixings."

He begins a careful search of his pockets again, accompanying his movements with short and more or less audible sentences. "I must have left the case in my other trousers. I always take it out when I wear evening dress. I don't know when I've missed before. Ah! here it is in my back pocket."

He proceeds to strike a match on the rough edge of the box, and holds it between his gloved hands until it bursts into a blaze. Then he leans over quickly and gives a low whistle of surprise and perplexity. The match flashes and goes out; he lights another and a third before he is satisfied with his scrutiny. The object curled up on the upper step is a child, its shoulder against the side of the door, the head thrown back, the top of the cloth hood just reaching the brass door knob. The age, appearance,

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and physical condition are uncertain, but the girl—the sex is certain—is evidently in trouble, for she is crying and moaning in her sleep. After the third bit of wood has burned down to the glove and has been flung to the wet sidewalk, the gentleman leans against the damp wall and thinks hard for several minutes.

“Well, this *is* a nice position for me, a respectable bachelor of thirty, to find myself in,” he moralizes. “What would my friends say if they could see me now? It is past 8, and at this moment I should be in the drawing-room of Mrs. Van Tassell’s residence, making myself generally agreeable to her friends, and saying empty nothings to the ladies, particularly to Miss Georgiana Porter Carpenter, daughter of the late General Carpenter. I am not, however; I am right here, and the thing now is to get myself out of this fix. I could go off

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and leave the child here, but I won't do that. If I did, that little face, with the tear drops dried on the cheeks, would haunt me for weeks. I walked to-night to save the fare, I am so confoundedly hard up after that little game of poker, and my next remittance does not come for two weeks. I don't want to run in debt if I can help it; but this youngster has got to be seen to some way, somehow."

He thinks again for another five minutes, then slaps his side with his hand, and gives the wall behind him a vigorous kick. "I will do it," he cries gleefully. "It will make a great sensation among Mrs. Van's guests, but that will be nothing new. I am always doing the unexpected; that is my reputation."

He descends to the lower step again, and, on looking out, discovers that the rain has ceased falling and that a few stars are winking and blinking between

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the rifts of rapidly-moving clouds. He also notices the light from a Chinese laundry on the opposite side of the street, and dashing up the steps in two long leaps, he gathers the little bundle in his arms. Then, hastening across, unmindful of the mud and careless of numerous pools of water, he pushes open the door and stalks into the laundry, to the dire astonishment of its occupants. The man nearest him, hard at work on the bosom of a white shirt, glances up inquiringly, the polishing iron uplifted in his hand. The entrance of a well-dressed man is not unusual, but the addition of a child in the stranger's arms is, and he glances from one to the other with his mouth half open. At this instant the little one suddenly lifts her head from the gentleman's shoulder, and seeing the strange faces of the Celestials, hides it again, crying violently.

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"I say, John, did you ever see this kid before?" is the demand. A negative shake of the head is the only reply.

"Don't know whether it lives around here, then?" Another head shake.

He walks up nearer the counter, and standing the little one on her feet, examines her carefully and curiously. She is evidently between three and four years of age, has a sweet, but delicate, child face, light brown hair, now hanging in curls from the dampness, and blue eyes. Her dress is of a dark woollen fabric, the cloak and hood to match, and her shoes are much the worse for wear. The moment she looks up into her discoverer's face a smile replaces the frightened expression, and leaning toward him she throws her arms about his neck. He makes a grimace at this unexpected action, and places his monocle a little firmer in his eye, tugging nervously at his moustache. His face

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manifests considerable feeling at this show of affection, much different from the blazé expression it generally wears.

"Nice man," the voice says, somewhat muffled in the collar of the great coat. "I love you, nice man. I'm going to stay with you always."

"The devil you are!" bursts from him, a look of horror in his eyes. "Not if I know myself, kid, You are the coolest one I ever saw, for your years. I'll bet dollars to dimes if you were older you would appropriate me, propose to me, and marry me. You are coming along just at the right time to be one of the new women. But you can't have me, as I respectfully decline your advances, so don't set your heart on that idea."

The Chinamen do not appreciate these remarks in the least, and seem to be getting uneasy over the caller's prolonged stay without any apparent busi-

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ness excuse. The gentleman notices it.

"I find you know nothing about the little girl," he remarks, turning to the man nearest him. "I will go. Many thanks for the use of your light and for your long, very satisfactory answers to my questions. Good-night."

He takes the girl in his arms again and goes out, closing the door after him. Stepping to the curbstone, he hails a passing cab, and giving the address where he wishes to go, climbs in with his burden and sinks onto the seat.

While the vehicle is rolling along let us find out who and what this young man is. Thirty years previous, in an unpretentious but respectable house in this city, the population of New York was increased by the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Anderson. A short time later the child was christened by the family minister, and was given the name of Thomas Jefferson, for the



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president who was an ancestor of the boy's mother, and also for her brother. Mr. Anderson and his wife were both of eminently respectable antecedents, but the head of the house was a man of little business capacity, and, with the exception of a good living, made in the practice of the legal profession, had no prospects. The boy grew up in a comfortable home, polished, well educated, popular, and a general favorite in society. He went through a private school and a military academy, then received a diploma from Columbia college, and later was admitted to the bar. He went into his father's office, but within a year his parents both died. The son continued in the law for a twelve-month, then, becoming disgusted with such a humdrum existence, shut up his office and retired to live on the moderate property left him by Mr. Anderson, senior. His refined and excellent taste in dress, his

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well-set-up figure and his high-bred manner had occasioned one of his friends to call him Sir Thomas Anderson before a group of ladies and gentlemen at an evening party. One of the ladies immediately proceeded with the ceremony of knighting him on the spot, and from that day to the present he had borne the title, shortened and abbreviated to Sir Tommy. His income had been increased about this time by a moderate remittance from a rich bachelor uncle, a brother of his mother. This crusty old gentleman, Uncle Thomas Jefferson, had sent for him, and they had had a brief interview in the old man's library. The elder man had spoken as follows: "Well, Tommy — or, rather, Sir Tommy; I believe that is your new title, — I have decided to give you an allowance. I consider that you amount to very little, anyway; but if you will not earn a living, I am going

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to see that you have enough to get on in a proper style, as my sister's son and my nephew should. You are not a very bad sort of fellow, so far as I can learn on inquiry, only afraid of hard work; and I sincerely hope you will make good use of and properly appreciate what I have done for you."

The nephew began to express his gratitude for the other's kindness.

"Don't thank me," was the uncle's gruff reply, "I hate that sort of thing. I know very well that you are thinking I can do it as well as not, with all my riches, and so I can; but my money was earned by hard work during the greater part of my life. You are welcome to it. Now get out of my sight."

The young man did so as quickly as possible, fearing his continued presence would make the old man change his mind. So Sir Tommy had lived on for the past five years, in comfort and idle-

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ness, going much in society, where he was sought after many times when he would have preferred amusing himself in a different manner. There was a good deal of latent strength of character in this young man, which would come out if occasion required, but did not show at other times, when his manner was deliberate and his speech a slow drawl. The eyeglass, always worn, with many other things about his dress and general make-up, gave the impression to strangers and new acquaintances that he was English by birth. His adopted title strengthened this impression, until it was dispelled by somebody who knew more of his history.

\* \* \* \* \*

The drawing-room in the well-appointed and elegant residence of Mrs. Algernon Van Tassell is ablaze with light. Lights everywhere—from the large chandeliers, side fixtures, and from

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numerous lamps placed on tables, in corners, and by the side of the piano. One little bronze Cupid on the instrument holds a tightly-strung bow in the air, the end of the arrow piercing the lamp-holder. Above this is the light, subdued and reflected on the white keys by an elaborate, lace-covered red shade. About the room are some two dozen people, standing or sitting in groups, their social position evidently equal in each case, but in age widely differing. The lion of the evening is Professor Thode, a recently-arrived German musician of world-wide reputation, short, stout in build, with an enormous head of bushy light hair, light full beard and gold spectacles. He is standing near the door talking earnestly with two ladies, his remarks accompanied by numerous profuse movements of his short, fat white hands. The older of the two ladies is the hostess, Mrs. Van

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Tassell; the younger, her guest and favorite, Miss Georgiana Carpenter. Mrs. Van Tassell is a tall, finely-formed, well-preserved woman of about fifty, attired in a handsome costume of blue satin, trimmed with point lace, while her young friend wears a simple, but pretty, dress of dotted muslin. The professor has just finished speaking, and is looking intently at Miss Carpenter, as if awaiting an answer to his last words.

"Do favor us, Georgie, there's a dear," Mrs. Van Tassell says, turning to the girl. "I know you hate to sing in public, but there are only a few friends here; you know almost all of them. The professor will play your accompaniment."

"Ye-es, Mees Carpenter, it will give me the gret pleasure to play; I want so much to hear you sing. May I escort you to zee piano?"

The young lady, obeying this double

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pleading, places her hand on the German's arm and they step across to the instrument. After some moments spent in glancing over a pile of music, a simple English ballad is selected, and the professor, seating himself on the music stool, raises his hands over the keys.

At the sound of the notes the buzz of conversation ceases, and everyone glances at the two with smiles of anticipation on their faces. The grand piano stands out in the room, the keyboard toward the wall, so that the professor and Miss Georgiana are facing both the audience and the door into the hall. The piece is acceptably rendered, receives hearty applause, and another is begun. No one hears the bell ring or the movements made by the servant and a new-comer in the vestibule, and the piece goes on to the last verse. The first two lines of the chorus,

She was a child, an orphan,  
Homeless and alone,

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are sung, then the girl stops, and, throwing the music down, goes quickly across the room, disappearing into the hall. Her actions create surprise, and several hasten after her, fearing she may be ill. Before Mrs. Van Tassell, who is in the lead, can reach the door, Miss Carpenter appears again, leading Sir Tommy Anderson by the arm. He is dressed as he had come in from the street, with ulster, umbrella, and in the hand partly extended, as he is pulled gently along, is his black slouch hat. The long, full cape of his ulster on the right side seems to bulge out, as if there is a large bundle underneath, but at first this is not noticed by the hostess and her guests, as they gather around.

"Why, Sir Tommy! What on earth is the matter?" Mrs. Van Tassel cries. "We have missed you dreadfully tonight. Now, sir, remove your coat, make yourself presentable, then give an



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explanation of your tardiness and dilapidated condition."

Her last words describe his condition perfectly: hair rumpled from constant dabs at his hat to keep it on in the high wind, ulster damp and mud-splashed, trousers turned up and likewise plentifully besprinkled with mud. There is a peculiar expression in his eyes, half mischievous, half perplexed, intensified by his monocle, as the glass flashes in the gaslight, and his mouth twitches under the dark moustache. Instead of obeying instructions, wet as he is, the young man sinks down on the sofa near by and deliberately looks around at the familiar faces of his friends.

"Are you ill, Sir Tommy?" they exclaim in chorus; "has anything happened anywhere? are you hurt, been robbed or met with any misfortune?"

"Thanks, awfully, for your kind in-

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terest in my welfare," he drawls slowly. "I appreciate it, I'm sure. No, I am not ill. Nothing alarming has happened, to my knowledge. I have not been robbed, or met with any bad luck."

"Seen the ghost of your grandfather, I guess," says Mrs. Algernon Van Tassell's husband, a small, meek man, but he ventures no other remark, as a look from his better half warns him to be silent.

"I will set your minds at rest and satisfy your curiosity," breaks in Miss Georgiana, with a little tremble in her voice and a red spot in each cheek. "Mr. Anderson beckoned for me to come out while I was singing, and something made me forget all about the song."

"Ye-es, ye-es, I no understand dot," exclaims the professor, with a shrug of the shoulders and wave of the hand,

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"It is my com-pre-hention beyondt. Ach! gracious, it is very odd; she is no true artist or she forget everyting else."

There is a little laugh at this, but the attention of the company is immediately directed to the actions of Miss Carpenter. Going nearer to the sofa, she leans over, and, deliberately unbuttoning the cape of Sir Tommy's ulster, draws it back, disclosing the sleeping face of a little girl.

"Who is that child?" demands Mrs. Van Tassell quickly, almost brusquely, her fears of an unpleasant scene aroused. "I think I have a right to know; please inform me at once."

"I wish I could, Mrs. Van," Sir Tommy replies, looking down tenderly at the still, white face of his burden. "You know almost as much as I do about her. I found her down by Forty-seventh street, on the avenue, near

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White's warerooms, asleep at the top of a flight of steps. The poor little thing was crying, had probably cried herself asleep when she found herself lost, and the noise attracted my attention. After I took her up she woke for a moment and said a few words. I did not know what to do with her, so hired a cab and came direct here."

"Yes, and you have made a nice mess of it," goes on Mrs. Van Tassell in an angry tone. "You should have taken her to the nearest police station; the authorities would have soon found where she belonged. I am not hard-hearted, but I think of the danger; the child may bring the germ of diphtheria or some horrid fever in her clothes. I will ring for the butler to take her away."

The little one has opened her eyes, and hearing the words, with one frightened look around nestles closer to the

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young man and places her little arm as far around his neck as its short length will allow.

"No; me stay here with nice man," she lisps. "Don't want to go away."

Miss Carpenter comes to the rescue. "Let me take her a moment," she says in a low tone; "perhaps I can find out who she is. Will you come to me, little one? I am your friend."

The child glances up at her, and seeming pleased with the other's fresh, young beauty, readily allows herself to be transferred to the extended arms. The young lady steps under the large chandelier and holds the child up so everyone can plainly see her in the bright light. One of the guests, a wealthy, middle-aged widow with a sweet, sad face, and hair turning grey at the temples, gives a start, but her low exclamation is not noticed, as the attention of the group centers on the pair.

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"What is your name, my dear?"  
questions Miss Georgiana.

"May."

"May what?"

"May Thorson."

The words are hardly uttered when there is a cry, and Mrs. Mason, pushing her way through, grasps the little May almost fiercely by the arm. "Your name is May Thorson?" she demands.

"Ess," is the reply.

"Is your mother's name May, too?"

An affirmative nod is given in answer.

"Your papa is Rudolph Thorson, and he paints pictures?"

Another nod.

Mrs. Mason sinks into a chair, and putting her handkerchief to her eyes, begins to cry softly. This scene gives food for more curiosity, and the interest becomes divided. In a moment the lady raises her head, and wiping the tears away, says: "My good friends,

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I owe you an explanation for my conduct just now. I had a daughter May, who left her home in Boston nearly ten years ago to marry a poor Swedish painter. Although I considered him beneath her socially, I should not have refused their union when I found that my girl's happiness was at stake. Her father was an ambitious man, with plans far different for his daughter's future, and when he found her determined, ordered her from his house. I have searched for her until my heart is sick with loneliness and sorrow, but without success. Since my husband's death six years ago I have made New York my home, and I suppose there is hardly a police officer in the city who has not heard my story and is on the lookout to win the reward I have offered for some trace of the Thorson family. I believe I have found them and this is their child."

As she ceases speaking the butler ap-

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pears bearing a tray on which is a note addressed to Mrs. Mason. Excusing herself, she tears it open, and dashing her trembling hand across her eyes, endeavors to read the few lines it contains. She makes poor work of it, and Georgiana Carpenter offers to decipher its contents for her.

"Thank you, dear, you are very kind. Read it aloud if there is nothing private in it. I am entirely upset over this other matter."

A moment later the girl reads this note, her voice expressing the wonder and pleasure she feels:

#### HEADQUARTERS POLICE DEPARTMENT.

MRS. MASON—

*Dear Madam:* Your search is ended. Your daughter, Mrs. Rudolph Thorson, called here to-night, saying her little girl had disappeared, and wishing us to find her. This we no doubt will do in a few hours, as a vigorous search is being made. They have recently arrived from Sweden, and are at No. 284 White street, down town.

Yours respectfully,

THOMAS BAILEY,  
Lieutenant in charge.



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Mrs. Mason is boarding a short distance from Mrs. Van Tassell's, and the landlady had sent the note around by a servant, thinking it might be of importance. Congratulations are profuse and hearty from all in the room.

"I want to go to them immediately," Mrs. Mason says, turning to her host. "Will you kindly send for a carriage?"

"I will telephone to the stable," Mr. Van Tassell replies, and suiting the action to the word, he leaves the room. Upon returning, he says a carriage will be at the door in ten minutes.

While Mrs. Mason is preparing to depart, assisted by some of the ladies, the little May holds a reception, and becomes quite accustomed to the new faces before her. When the carriage comes she refuses to leave Sir Tommy behind, and begins to cry so piteously that Mrs. Mason makes a quick decision.

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"Will you accompany me, Mr. Anderson?" she says. "I see my little granddaughter wishes you to stay with her. It will only add one more act of kindness to the others. I owe you a debt I can never repay."

So the three go away to a meeting which proves satisfactory to all concerned, while the company at Mrs. Van Tassell's, after talking over the unusual events of the evening, depart to their several homes.

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**THE  
STORY OF TWELVE HOURS**



## THE STORY OF TWELVE HOURS.

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THE sun had been up for several hours, in fact the morning was so far advanced that it shone brightly in the blue sky overhead; the outside atmosphere was full of the chill blown down from the far away, snow capped mountains. Spring was close at hand, but old winter had the supremacy and was fighting with desperation and dwindling hope to retain it, at least for a little while. One of the side streets in New York, leading off a main avenue in the up town district, took its way past residences of the better class, handsome in style and material, evidently the homes of people blessed with plenty of the world's goods. This street went by the name of Lan-



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sing, and about mid-way its length, was divided by a park which bore on an elaborate sign the words Lansing Park. A row of grand old elms grew down the center, then a little grass and outside of this a tall, black-painted iron fence, elaborate in workmanship but strong withall. At each end was a locked gate, which was only opened to admit the man whose duty it was to keep the place in order. Beyond the fence came the street, the broad sidewalk and the long row of houses, four storied, brownstone stepped and bay windowed.

About half way down on the right was number 62, and Johnson was the name engraved on the silver door plate. The front room up one flight was long and somewhat narrow in dimensions and was furnished in expensive but excellent taste. For a moment one would think on entering that the occupant must be a lady, the chairs and brac-a-brac were so dainty, but this impression would soon change. On the heavy oak mantle

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piece reposed a pair of gentleman's street gloves, near them was a cigar case of brown stamped leather, on the table was a silk hat and resting across the arms of a Morris chair lay a crook-handled, modern cane. All these indicated masculine humanity, but no human being was visible, and the room looked gloomy with the shades drawn to the sill, flapping gently in the light wind from the partially open windows. Suddenly the door was thrown back and from the hall beyond appeared a gentleman of about thirty-five, short and stout in build, and dressed in a natty morning suit of rough grey material. He stepped quickly across the room and proceeded to push up the curtains of the three windows. The first went up easily, stopping at the desired point; likewise the second, but the third continued to the top, reaching there with a bang like a pistol shot. An instant later there was a sound as of one just waking from a deep sleep; then a rustling, a thud and

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a head appeared over the top of a large screen. This screen effectually covered the entrance into the small sleeping room adjoining, and the occupant was the person who had just made his appearance in so odd a way. Only his disheveled head and blanket wrapped shoulders were visible, and leaning his elbows on the top cross piece he rested his chin on his hands. The eyes of the gentlemen met and for a couple of minutes no word was spoken.

"What do you mean by this unpardonable intrusion, sir?" he of the rumpled hair drawled out slowly. "I wish his Satanic majesty could get hold of you and trot you around for a few hours, just for punishment. If I ran this government I would make a law punishing severely all persons, whether or not with malice, waking anyone from their slumbers, unless there was a death in the family, a fire, or a dog fight."

"Oh shut up your moralizing, Sir Tommy; give us a rest; you know as well

## THE STORY OF TWELVE HOURS.

as I that it is time to be dressed and out of doors," replied the caller. "The Lord knows I am lazy enough myself but this would shame even me."

"What does that clock say? My eyes feel as if they were full of sticks and mucilage. I can't make out where the hands point at all."

The other, turning at Sir Tommy's request, glanced at the French time piece on the mantle. "Ten forty-five a. m., exactly," he answered.

"The deuce, you say. It is later than I supposed. Take a cigar from that case of mine and make yourself at home while I get into my duds. How is it, cold or hot? Do I want a heavy suit and ulster today, or not? This confounded climate is as fickle as a young lady's mind."

"Weather pleasant; sky clear, and temperature 62 degrees by the thermometer at your front door," was the terse reply, and, with these words Sir Tommy Anderson's friend, James Dearborn,

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lighted a fragrant Havana, and, seating himself by the table, proceeded to glance over the pictures, which filled to overflowing the dark blue plush case. Sir Tommy retired to his sleeping apartment again and a moment later there was a great splashing of water, accompanied by numerous grunts. When this ceased Mr. Dearborn called out, "Say, old man, when did you get this picture of your friend Miss Carpenter? The fair Georgiana grows more so every day. Look out, Anderson, or you will fall a victim to her charms."

"No danger," was called back from the other room; "I have become a crusty old bachelor, with a skin and heart as tough as an elephant. Come in here a minute. I want to show you the scar on my arm I got in that Paris duel last summer. You know I told you about it."

The other obeyed and had hardly disappeared when the hall door was opened again, and a rich female brogue an-

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nounced: "Miss Carpenter, to see Mither Anderson. Walk roight in, mum. Sure, he's there, somewhere."

"Darn the girl's stupid, empty head," growled Sir Tommy in an undertone. "She might have left her down in the parlor and come up and told me."

"Speak of angels," his friend said. "I hear the rustle of wings; or may be it is only a woman's dress." He laughed heartily, his fat sides shaking like jelly, and he was obliged to stuff the end of a towel into his mouth to guard against making a sound.

Anderson glared at him savagely, while he gave a last hasty dab at his front hair. Then, pushing his feet into a pair of slippers, he got into his blanket wrap again, and, giving his necktie an extra twist, he proceeded to meet his caller.

"I beg ten thousand pardons, Miss Carpenter," he began, in a somewhat nervous manner, "both on account of my delay, and for my personal appear-

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ance. To tell the honest truth, I have just risen, later than my usual hour, but the excuse I give is that I was out very late last night. I was called out of town on business."

The answer was a low laugh. "Do excuse me, Mr. Anderson," she apologized, "but I can't help it. You look so awfully funny without your eye glass. I think I never saw you without it before."

"No, probably not. If you had been five minutes later my toilet would have been completed. You must pardon anything you may see out of place. What can I do for you? I am at your service; please command me. I am positive this early call means something important."

As he had been talking she kept her eyes on the floor, giving him a chance to throw or kick numerous articles, such as a pair of boots, a vest and a pair of trousers out of sight. The vest went over the screen, hitting Dearborn squarely in the face, making him step back in

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surprise, and nearly falling flat across the bed. The girl was busy with her own thoughts, and did not notice this little side act in the morning drama, of which she was one of the characters.

Looking up again Sir Tommy noticed, with growing alarm, the white face, and how frightened the expression in the eyes had become. She tried to answer him, but her lips seemed stiff and it was not until she had moistened them several times with her tongue that the girl began to speak.

"I don't know why I am here at all. Of course it was very wrong and improper to come alone, too; but you were the first person I thought of. I needed the advice of some friend so much." She paused, fastening and unfastening the catch on her purse with quick, sharp snaps, but a moment later Miss Carpenter went on, "I shall have to make a confession first, and then see if you can help me. Last evening I went to the Vanderbilt ball and of course wanted to look



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as fine as possible. Mamma owned a brooch,—an old family heirloom,—which was composed of a number of diamonds set around a larger one. It is very handsome and I have asked for it a number of times, but she always refused, saying it was too valuable and she prized it for its great age. I knew where the key was kept at home and I determined to wear that brooch for once in my life, if never again. I am afraid I shall never wear it a second time, for when I reached home this morning I found it gone, probably stolen by some thief in the crowd when I went to my carriage. If it had belonged to me I would not mourn it so very much, as its value lies in the long time our family have had it in their possession. But I know mother will feel terribly, both at the loss and because I took it without her permission. Now what shall I do, Mr. Anderson? Please give me your advice.”

Sir Tommy thought hard for several

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moments, his brow wrinkled, eyes half closed, and his fingers twisting the cord of his blanket wrapper. Finally he spoke; his words uttered rather more sharply and quickly than usual. "You say it was a brooch, circular in form, containing one large diamond and several smaller ones surrounding it?"

"Yes."

"Is there any particular characteristic or mark about it which would make it easy to identify?"

"Let me see, why of course, grandmother's initials E. A. P.—Elizabeth A. Porter,—are engraved underneath; it would not be noticed readily by a stranger."

"Did you lose anything else last evening?" questioned Sir Tommy.

"Oh! yes, there was a chain, attached to the brooch, that has disappeared, too." She had brightened at her friend's evident interest in her troubles, and now a slight feeling of hope replaced her former despondent mood. "The worst

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if it is, that I must take the midnight train tonight for Chicago. Mother and I go there to visit my father's brother, General Arthur Carpenter, before our trip to California. So if I don't find it between now and the time we go away, the case will be practically hopeless and mother will be terribly angry with me."

"Let me see, it is now ten minutes past eleven," he mused in a low tone to himself. "I can be prepared for the street at half past and finish my breakfast-dinner, both in one, in a half hour. I shall be ready to do all that I am capable of doing for you by noon," he said in a louder voice, turning to her. "That will give just twelve hours before you leave the city. Where can I place myself in communication with you if I should so desire at any time?"

"Why, at my home. I shall be there all day packing and preparing for our journey."

They had both risen to their feet, and she led the way across the room to the

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door. Here Miss Carpenter turned and impulsively flung out her hands which were gently taken by Sir Tommy into his. They looked into each other's eyes for an instant, she gratefully, he with friendly admiration. Then she spoke. "Believe me, Mr. Anderson, when I say that I fully appreciate the trouble you are going to take upon yourself in my behalf. The result of my call has proved that I was right in my supposition. I had a feeling that you could and would help me. I thank you from the bottom of my heart." She pulled away from him, and was soon heard descending the stairs.

Sir Tommy stood where the young lady had left him for a moment, surprised by her sudden departure, then reaching the window with a few strides of his long legs, he peered through the lace curtain as his caller proceeded down the street.

"That is the sure sign of a lover," a voice spoke up behind him, "they always

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watch the object of their affections where they cannot be seen."

"Yes, perhaps so, in some cases, but not in mine, Jimmie. Miss Carpenter is a very dear friend; possibly the one I care the most for among my lady acquaintances. I admire her greatly. This morning I pity her; she is in a very disagreeable position, as you no doubt realize from what you heard her say."

While he had been talking Sir Tommy proceeded to put on his boots, coat, vest and hat, and throwing his top coat over his arm went on, "I must make a start, old man; come down and take some breakfast with me."

"I had mine an hour ago, thanks; but I will sit with you while you eat yours, I have nothing to do, anyway."

"All right, please come. You may be able to give me some points that will be of help."

Five minutes later the two friends were seated at a small table in the corner of a large room and the young lady

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waiter was disappearing through the door to fill the order. The young men were alone, but, still feeling the need of precaution, they placed their elbows on the table, and, leaning toward each other, carried on a whispered conversation.

The plan soon laid out was as follows: Sir Tommy was to take one side of the city, making thorough inquiries at any place where a clue might be found, while Mr. Dearborn would do the same on the other side. The clock in the church tower near by was striking the hour of noon when they left the house, and after walking a short distance they separated, going in opposite directions.

The following six hours slipped by rapidly to Sir Tommy, and he spent them in an active search. Police stations were visited; also pawn shops, restaurants and cheap places of amusement. However, luck seemed to be against him, as no clue whatever had been found during the day's tramp. The weather,

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which had been clear and beautiful during the hours of light, now rapidly grew chill and cold as the shadows of evening began to gather. The young man was glad to button his overcoat, turning up the collar around his ears, as he trudged along through the narrow streets and by numerous cafés and restaurants. As he was going by one, rather poorer than its neighbors, an irresistible impulse compelled him to enter and take a seat. Only half a dozen men were present, all rather hardened looking and dressed in the rough clothes of workingmen. Two of them were busily engaged in conversation but their voices were so low that it was impossible to make out what they were talking about. They greatly interested Sir Tommy and he had a feeling that he might hear or see something to his advantage if he kept near them. Presently a man entered, middle aged, well dressed and refined, but with the dissipated look of a hard drinker and man about town. He neither looked to

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the right nor left, but proceeded quickly to the rear of the room, where were located several stalls, the entrance to them screened from view by gaudily colored cheap print curtains. None of the occupants appeared to notice this quiet entrance, but a moment later when he brought Sir Tommy his beer, the waiter gave the two men at the next table a glance and nodded his head in the direction the new comer had taken. This seemed to be a signal, for rising they followed him and the three disappeared from view behind the curtain.

"Those fellows are up to some mischief, or I miss my guess," muttered Anderson. "They may be last night's thieves. I will find out if possible."

He carefully noticed that the other men were busy eating Frankforts washed down with draughts of poor quality beer, and talking the while with their companions. Slipping by them the young man was soon in the adjoining compartment and close to the



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wooden partition. He listened eagerly, endeavoring to make out the drift of the conversation beyond. At first he was unsuccessful, and was becoming discouraged, for the quartette were conversing in whispers, when something said evidently displeased one of them.

"Yer think I'm a fool, boss; but I ain't. I know I don't wear fine clothes, as the likes of you; nor go in swell society, but I'm squar, I am; see, I've said it and I mean it, eh! Dickey." These words had been uttered in a low, guttural brogue, and the speaker was evidently provoked because the other doubted him.

"He's right, sir," the one called Dickey replied. "Yer treat my pard, here, straight and he'll treat you the same. I know him, 'cause we've kept together nigh onto five year."

"Well, well," another voice broke in, "you are making a mountain out of a mole hill. Now, my men, I don't want you to think for a moment that I doubt what you have just said, because I don't.

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It does seem odd, just the same, that you got so little, and it is very disappointing, too. We have all been counting for weeks on this great society event of the season. You fellows ought to have made a big haul when the guests were going between the house and their carriages. I did very well inside, but the risk there is a hundred times greater."

"Great Scott! what a stroke of luck," the young man exclaimed aloud in his excitement, "if this is a sample, I think I will go into the detective business." It was lucky for his personal safety that the others did not hear him, but they were interested in their own affairs and anticipating no danger were not on the lookout.

"All the big guns in the city were there," the first speaker went on, "and wasn't there a crowd. My eye! I ain't seen so many coming out of a house before for a mighty long time. We'd had a thundering big lot of swag if the cops had kept away, but they were about all

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there, I should think. Then Johnson, the detective, was round and he knows me. I was scared out of my boots, I tell yer, for fear he'd see me, and haul me in. He's the bloke what got me a two years' job working for the state for nothing. Cuss his ugly mug; I'll get even with him yet or my name's not Dick Downs."

"Shut up, you fool," the other broke in, "keep your name to yourself. Some one might hear. Even the walls have ears."

"It's all right, sir, there's nobody about but us and them fellows outside."

Sir Tommy recognized the last voice as belonging to the waiter, and he held his breath in his fear of losing some word. A few whispered sentences followed, accompanied by the moving of the party as if they were drawing together to examine something. While audible conversation was going on good hearing was all that was necessary, but now the young man was deprived of

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even that satisfaction. He must look in and see the four men, he determined, but how to do it without being detected was the question. A rapid survey of the dividing wall decided him, as he discovered with much satisfaction that it was only some eight feet high and he could touch the top with his hand by raising himself on his toes. Drawing the wooden seated chair to him he cautiously stepped upon it, endeavoring to make as little noise as possible while doing so. The legs creaked a little under his weight, but after a moment's pause he drew himself up from his crouching position, and looked down upon the unconscious men. They were close together over a small table and were examining some articles with great interest, but Sir Tommy could not make out the nature of them. He thought it must be the plunder of the previous night, and was positive when the well-dressed man divided it into four parts. Each placed his share in his pocket and the

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watcher's quick eye noted that as one did so a gold chain hung dangling down from his hand. "I will spot him," he said to himself; "he has Miss Carpenter's pin; that was the chain she spoke of. You will not be pleased, my fine fellow, at all when we meet. I intend handing you over to the first officer I can find after you and I leave this place."

Stepping down from the chair and leaving the stall as quickly as possible he returned to his former seat. It proved not an instant too soon, as a moment later the waiter made his appearance, moving around in a careless, unconcerned way, as if nothing had happened. Sir Tommy could not help admiring his coolness, and when he paid his bill he looked him squarely in the eye, but the fellow did not flinch under the steady gaze. He went outside and was soon out of sight in a neighboring doorway. Then he suddenly thought of the time, and pulling out his watch discovered it to be six thirty.

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"Only six and one-half hours gone out of the twelve," he soliloquized, "that gives me plenty of time still. This is a delightful and amusing way to spend a portion of one's time."

He waited patiently for ten, fifteen, twenty minutes, then for another quarter of an hour, with growing impatience, but the desired man did not make his appearance. In fact none of the three had come out of the saloon and he began to realize that his prey had escaped him. The self-satisfied feeling he had felt now gave way to disgust, and the young man uttered a few emphatic remarks. He left the doorway and walked along to the corner of the building in which the eating house was located. An alleyway separated this from an old wooden structure, and he followed it to the end of the brick wall, where he discovered a rear exit. Near this was another narrow passage, which he proceeded to traverse, until he found himself on a street parallel to the one he had been on before.

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As he reached the sidewalk his heart gave a joyful bound, for not twenty yards from him was the man he wanted, engaged in conversation with a stranger. Sir Tommy drew back a little and waited for the other's movement. He could see the two shadows and every motion made as the men stood talking together. Some ten minutes later that part of the street was deserted where Anderson and the others had been. As one continued on his way eastward, the thief, with Sir Tommy behind, took a westerly course. The man in front was evidently unconscious of the other's presence and seemed in no particular hurry to reach his destination. Presently he entered a pawn shop, the exterior dirty and dilapidated, the interior in a like condition. The young man stepped to the entrance, and after a quick survey he went in and tip-toed to the farther end. The sun had set and it was rapidly becoming dark, so that a light was plainly visible through the cracks of a door. The pro-

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prietor, a long haired, long bearded and aged Hebrew, was holding out his hand toward his caller as Sir Tommy looked in. The other transferred something from his pocket to the extended palm and the two seated themselves, the lamp between them on a low bench.

"How much will you give me for that?" questioned the thief; "I need some money bad."

"Very little," was the cautious reply. "It's risky taking this kind of stuff, anyway. I really don't make anything out of the bargain. I'll give you a ten for it."

"You mean, dirty Jew," the other exclaimed, snatching at the object, as it was held up by the chain to the light, the precious stones sparkling and shimmering. "Give it back. I'll take it somewhere else."

The pin was in the thief's possession, but as he pulled it away the chain had broken, remaining with the Hebrew. They glared at each other for an instant,



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then the old man, recovering his composure, bowed and smiled, or rather grinned in a ghastly way, showing his toothless gums. "As this has stayed with me, I will keep it," he said, "I'll go out to the drawer and get the money for you. Is there anything else you wish to sell today?" Receiving a negative reply he came out, discovering Sir Tommy approaching him as if just entering from the street. He appeared a little frightened at first, but instantly recovered himself and going behind the counter turned enquiringly toward the young man. He laid the chain on the counter, and the other instantly picking it up examined it carefully. It was of heavy gold, quite long, each link covered with minute carving of an old pattern and on the clasp which held the two ends together were the initials "E. A. P." Anderson repressed his feelings, not showing the satisfaction he felt, and laying it down said carelessly, "I suppose this is for sale. It don't amount to

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much, only I rather like it because it is old-fashioned."

"Yes; I will sell it. It is almost solid gold and is worth much money."

"How much?"

"Twenty-five dollars."

"Great Scott, man! You don't want anything for the thing do you? I will give you just fifteen for it, not a cent more or less. You can take that amount or keep the chain."

"Ah! young sir, you would ruin a poor man, would you; it cost me twenty dollars. S'help me Moses, that's the truth."

"Fifteen or nothing."

"Make it eighteen."

"No. sir."

"Well, you can have it, then; but I shall loose a whole day's profit. It is hard for a poor man to get along these times."

A sudden thought had come into Sir Tommy's brain; he would not take the chain now, but leave it until later as an-

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other proof against the thief when he was in the hands of the police authorities.

"When I left my home this morning I did not expect to spend so much money," he began, "I will pay half down now, and take a receipt for it. I can come in later tonight or tomorrow and give you the rest."

This was finally arranged and with the receipt in his pocket the young man left the shop. Night was shutting down, and the street was quite dark as he walked a few steps away. He turned up his coat collar and pulling his hat over his eyes waited in the shadow of a building for the other's appearance. Five minutes later he was on the trail again and two miles were covered before he had a chance to pause.

During this whole distance not an officer was seen, or, in fact, a man he cared to ask assistance of in capturing the thief. Suddenly that individual disappeared as completely as if the ground

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had opened and swallowed him, closing up again. Sir Tommy was at a loss to understand this new move, but after a careful search he discovered a door into the building in front of him, close to the sidewalk and approached by a bulk-head, the cover raised and hooked to the wall.

"Well this is a deuce of a fix," he muttered to himself in a quandary to know what would be his best move, "I am here on the sidewalk alone. The man I want is presumably inside this house. If I go in, there is danger of being overpowered by numbers, as this may be a rendezvous. I see no one that can help me within call, and if I go in search of an officer my man will escape. In fact, he will probably take his departure by the back door anyway, as that seems to be his method of exit."

The locality was a wretched one, the street, dark, dirty and ill smelling, and the houses badly dilapidated, apparently in danger of collapse at any time. Sir

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Tommy leaned against the corner and pulled his soft hat farther over his eyes; he crammed his hands into his overcoat pockets and stood motionless for fully ten minutes.

"My detective work is not a howling success," he went on to himself, "I don't get ahead very fast. I shall know more about this business after tonight. My great mistake was in not having some one with me, but it can't be helped, and I have not given up yet."

A clock some distance away began to strike, the bell tones clear and distinct in the stillness of the night. "Eight o'clock. Only four hours left. I must do something and speedily, too."

The main entrance, which was in the middle of the front, showed little indication of use; the door being boarded up and the handle immovable from rust. He then slipped around to the back through a narrow alley, but not a light was visible, and he returned to his former position. Very few people went

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past. Those who did were shabbily dressed and evidently belonged to the lowest type of humanity possible, even in a city like New York. Presently something happened to change the monotony. Three men appeared, not together, but some ten minutes apart, and went in by the same way the thief had gone before them. Sir Tommy crept close when the third one came and listened with breathless interest to what followed. The new comer gave two low knocks, followed by three louder ones.

"Who are you?" came the gruff challenge, from within.

"I am myself," was the reply.

"What do you want?"

"I want to see Kidd, our captain."

"All right; come in," and at this last sentence a number of bolts were drawn, the door slipped open noiselessly, then closed and was fastened again.

This proved to the young man his earlier theory that the place was the headquarters of some gang, and he de-

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cided at once to go for assistance, risking the chance of the thief getting away in his absence. He took a careful note of the location as he went rapidly along, and finally met an officer standing in front of a signal box in the act of locking the iron door.

"Hold on there, officer," he called before he reached his side, "Ring up your station and report what I tell you."

The officer turned his head at this sudden order, a look of surprise on his face. "What's that you say?" he demanded.

"I requested you to call up your station again," Sir Tommy explained. "Inform the officer in charge that the location of a gang of thieves has been discovered by a gentleman, and to send a number of men to this spot as soon as possible." After additional explanation and under protest the man in uniform did as he was bidden. When the sergeant arrived, ten minutes later, Sir Tommy gave him a description of the

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whole affair, leaving out all names. The sergeant was a veteran on the force and he soon made his plans for a raid on the headquarters of the supposed gang of thieves. He had four men with him, including the police officer on duty, and Sir Tommy made the party number six. They started immediately for the scene of action and arriving there, two officers were placed in the rear, one at the side, the other, with the sergeant and Sir Tommy stationed themselves at the front.

"What is your plan, sergeant?" the young man inquired calmly, his nervousness gone and a determination within him to get that brooch in his possession if possible. "I intend to do my share in this raid."

"All right, sir. You can be of help at the start anyway. You said you knew the pass word, I believe."

"Yes. I overheard it."

"You could give the whole thing, couldn't you?"



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"Positively. It impressed me too strongly to be forgotten as soon as this."

"Then my plan is this: You go to the door and secure admittance. The instant the door is open push your way in and I will follow with the other officer. We will regulate our further actions to circumstances."

As Sir Tommy was starting the sergeant caught him by the arm and thrust something cold into his hand. "Take this shooter," he whispered, "I have another. You may need to use it."

The young man took the weapon and walked to the entrance. He lowered himself through the bulkhead until he stood on a level with the heavy wooden door. The signals were given, first two low knocks, then three louder ones, and the same conversation as before was carried on. As the bolts were drawn back and the door opened the young man and his two companions quickly slipped inside. The place was in utter darkness, but an instant later the light

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from a bullseye lantern flashed in their faces. Before the man who saw his mistake, could cry out a warning, the sergeant had him by the throat and with the assistance of his subordinate soon had him bound with cords and gagged. The sergeant then picked up the lantern and took a rapid survey of the place, which proved to be the front part of the cellar. The floor was of earth, the sides of rough, uneven stones now mildewed, cold and chill from dampness. A light could be seen overhead and the steady click as of a hammer on some hard substance was plainly heard. The sergeant then led the way across the cellar, and crept cautiously up the stairs into a narrow entry. The light which had been noticed below came from an open doorway at the farther end. Reaching this a scene was exposed to Sir Tommy's view remembered by him afterward for many a day. The room, a large one, had evidently been at one time the library of the resident, for the handsome

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carved shelves were still against the walls, now covered with dirt and dust. In one corner was a small forge and four men were busy over work of some kind unknown to Sir Tommy. The sergeant placed his mouth close to the other's ear and whispered one word "Counterfeiting," explaining the whole situation. Then leveling his revolver, and motioning for the others to do the same, he said: "If one of you moves or tries to get away I will shoot you down."

The work stopped and each of the men looked up, their faces turning white, eyes staring and hands shaking from the sudden shock and complete surprise.

"I arrest you all," the sergeant went on. "It will be of no use to resist, as I have other men stationed outside."

Sir Tommy discovered that three of the faces were familiar to him: the man called Dick Downs, his companion, and the waiter at the saloon, all of whom he had seen some hours previous. Dickey was near the door and as the sergeant

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finished he made a dive into the darkness beyond. Instantly Sir Tommy was after him, following the sound of heavy boots through the front hall and ascending the stairs. As he reached the landing he could hear the thief pulling and straining at the fastening of a window, his breath coming quick and hard from his exertions. His efforts were in vain, and with a muttered curse he continued up the remaining two flights to the attic. Not being familiar with the interior, Sir Tommy could not make as rapid progress and when he reached the upper floor he could see Dickey's legs disappearing from the top of the ladder through a skylight. As the man leaned over to pull the ladder up Sir Tommy began to mount, his weight making it impossible to stir it from its position. The sky was clear and as he reached the roof he could plainly see, by the rising moon, the man he wished so much to capture lowering himself to the next building. He had placed the sergeant's

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revolver in his pocket and now, not thinking of using it, he started to follow the thief. The exciting pursuit was kept up for some time over roof after roof. Sometimes climbing was necessary; at other times a descent would be made, or a jump, where there was a space between buildings. Finally each lowered himself from a two story building down a drain pipe to the ground and the chase was continued. The route was through side streets, deserted now, so the two men met with no opposition in their rapid progress.

On a corner a short distance ahead stood a cab, the horse blanket-covered and half asleep, the driver elsewhere, presumably in one of the houses near by. With one bound Dickey reached the front wheel and springing to the seat, he caught up the reins and gave the frightened animal a sharp cut with the whip. The vehicle dashed rapidly down the street, and Sir Tommy kept up his steady run. A few yards farther on

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he came to a light buggy without an occupant. The horse was hitched to a weight, which was quickly unfastened, and with scant respect to the owner's claims, the young man proceeded after the cab and its driver. On and on they went, sometimes fast, sometimes slow, when the animals slackened for breath. At one point they were hailed by a police officer who asked them to stop, and sent a bullet whizzing by them because they did not obey.

As they began to get out into the thinly settled country Sir Tommy's horse gained steadily on the heavy cab horse, showing its superior metal. At last the two vehicles were even and with one spring the young man landed on the seat by the other's side. Catching the thief by the throat with one hand he pulled up the horse by the reins with the other. A struggle followed which would probably have been a victory for Dickey, with his greater strength, had not his foot slipped on the narrow plat-

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form. Losing his balance he went over on the horse's back, then rolled to the ground, little hurt but with the wind completely knocked out of him. The other was only an instant behind him and soon had the thief's arms tied together with his silk muffler.

The side lamp of the cab threw its light directly upon the dissipated face, and Sir Tommy, leaning back, looked steadily for a moment at his prisoner. "I have captured you at last, confound you," he said, "Dickey Downs you are a smart man, but I have the best of you this time. If you don't get several years in prison I miss my guess. You deserve it, and I will do all I can to have you placed there out of the way. Such men as you are dangerous to have around."

The thief mumbled a low curse, struggling a little at the same time, but soon gave up the attempt to free himself.

"No swearing, please, in my company," drawled the other, "it is neither

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genteel, polite nor wise. I am a gentleman; you are far from being one."

Sir Tommy had now recovered his breath and rising to his feet he made a careful search through the pockets of his captive, soon finding the much-desired brooch among the other articles of jewelry. He returned everything else but Mrs. Carpenter's property, then, gathering the bound figure in his arms, he placed Downs in the buggy. Unfastening and drawing one of the reins on the cab horse through the ring of the harness he climbed into his borrowed team and leisurely drove back to the city, holding his own reins with his right hand and leading the other animal with his left. His course necessarily had to be slow and it was a quarter of eleven when he arrived at the nearest police station, which happened to be the one in the district where the gang of thieves had been caught. An officer was standing in the doorway and with his help Dickey Downs was soon before the desk of the



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captain. This gentleman, who had been talking very earnestly with two excited individuals, turned to the newcomers. "Well Davis who have you here?"

"Don't know, captain. Perhaps this gentleman can inform you."

"Yes, sir; I can," Sir Tommy said. "My name is Thomas Jefferson Anderson; residence, No. 62 Lansing Park; profession, in the social world, killing time. This gentleman with me is no relative, not even a friend; name, Downs; surname, Richard, or Dick, sometimes called Dickey, by intimate friends; profession, counterfeiter and thief."

"Ah! you are the gentleman who discovered the location of the counterfeiting gang we have been on the lookout for so long. The sergeant has just returned with five of them. The last one, evidently the leader, was taken when he came in just as they were leaving. He had stepped down to the entrance, suspecting no danger, and fought like a

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tiger before they conquered him. How did you catch this fellow? He is an old offender."

As Sir Tommy rapidly described his chase after Downs and the way in which he caught him, the look of anxiety on the faces of the two strangers gave place to one of relief and satisfaction. The elder man, a physician, soon proved the buggy to be his property, while the younger substantiated his claim to the cab, of which he was the hired driver. Both were willing to let the whole matter drop when they understood the circumstances, and the cab driver was soon in the best of good humors, for Sir Tommy hired him, at a liberal price, to drive him to the railroad station. He was on the way as soon as the required red tape had been gone through with regarding his appearance in court the next morning as a witness.

As he alighted at the station the hands on the illuminated clock face over the entrance pointed to eleven fifty. Order-

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ing the driver to await his return, he hurried through the building to the train house. He quickly reached the sleeping cars at the forward end of the train and leaping up the steps of the first one Sir Tommy was confronted at the door by the white, anxious face of Miss Georgia.

"Sh!" she warned, "don't speak loud. Mother is in there. She does not suspect anything. Did you get it? Oh, don't say no. After all the anxiety I have suffered today I could not stand that."

"Yes," he whispered, slipping a small package into her hand. "Here is the brooch; the chain I will send on to you tomorrow. I will write and explain how I got it into my possession at that time."

"Oh! a thousand thanks, Sir Tommy. I knew you would help me and would find it if anybody could. The train is going. Goodbye for the present."

"Goodbye."

The young man was driven direct from

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the station to one of the fashionable hotels, and broke his long fast by ordering and consuming an elaborate supper. On arriving at his rooms he found his friend, James Dearborn, fast asleep on the couch, and, throwing a wrap over him, he left him to his slumbers.

In the morning mutual explanations followed; by Dearborn, of his unsuccessful search, and by his friend of his success.

At 9 o'clock Sir Tommy appeared at court as a witness against the gang, and some days later was present in the same capacity when they were tried and convicted. He has now carefully preserved in his possession a testimonial from the mayor, city government and police authorities thanking him for the valuable service he rendered in discovering the headquarters of one of the largest and most dangerous companies of thieves and counterfeiters in the east.







A MUSICAL ROMANCE.





## A MUSICAL ROMANCE.

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SIR TOMMY sat in his comfortable apartments in Lansing Park this blustering cold March evening, congratulating himself that he had no engagement to call him away from his own fire-side. He had dined at one of his favorite hotel cafés and on his way home, his attention being attracted by the brightly lighted window of a newsdealer's establishment he had entered. The counters were covered with books, periodicals and papers, the former, both in paper and cloth binding, comprising mostly popular fiction of the day, and a few productions of a heavier character. His eye quickly noticed the title of a book, by a popular author, which was having quite

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a sale, and purchased it, with several of the evening papers. So, on arriving at his apartments, he had thrown off his over and under coats, put on his loose-fitting blanket wrapper, and, with his feet encased in slippers, settled himself to enjoy the perusal of his book. The room was very quiet, the only interruption to perfect stillness being the low ticking of the French clock on the little corner wall bracket, and the moving of the burning coals as they were consumed and settled closer together. The quiet and heat of the room overcame the occupant finally, his book dropped into his lap and as his head sank back on the cushion he fell asleep.

It was not ten minutes later when, as the little clock chimed eight, the front door bell rang, but that, or the slight disturbance which followed, as the newcomer ascended the stairs, had no effect on Sir Tommy's peaceful slumbers. The door, which was ajar, was pushed open and a man entered, his short, stout figure

## A MUSICAL ROMANCE.

enlarged by the heavy cape ulster he wore. His head was covered by a heavy crop of bushy light hair; he wore a beard, and as he stepped further into the room he looked around through his spectacles in a curious, hesitating way. Still Sir Tommy slept on, unconscious of his visitor, until the other's gloved hand was placed on his shoulder and a voice said:

"I beg ze tousand pardons, Meester Anderson, for interrupting you this evening; but I have zee very important matter I want to speak with you about."

Sir Tommy sprang to his feet, took a step back and for an instant seemed dazed.

"Ah! Professor Thode," he said presently, a smile coming over his face as he extended his hand. "I am delighted to see you. Please excuse my personal appearance, and my manner of receiving you. I must have been asleep."

"Ye-es, like zee little babe, so quiet, so peaceful."

"Won't you remove your coat and

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have a chair?" Sir Tommy went on. "I assure you this is an unexpected pleasure. We have known each other for some time, but I never have had the honor of a call from you."

The other, with a little bow in acquiescence, unbuttoned his coat with fingers that trembled a little, and when he did finally settle himself in the chair, the young man could not help noticing the nervous state of his caller. With the true instinct of a host, he endeavored to put the German at his ease, keeping up an animated conversation on various topics of recent interest. At last a popular opera, which Sir Tommy had heard some days previous, was mentioned, and Professor Thode, in his impulsive way, spoke of its high musical merit. "I could better explain zee beautiful passages at zee piano," he remarked, "I know zee opera by heart."

"There is an instrument behind you," the young man replied. "It was a present to me some years ago. I play very

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little myself, although I am fond of music, but some times I have a caller, like yourself, who can and will favor me."

"Ah! I take it that is an invitation," the professor responded, springing to his feet and sitting down on the music stool. "It has zee fine tone," he went on, after playing a few bars; "now I will give you zee, what you call it, interpretation, that's it, of zee fine, zee exquisite parts."

His nervousness had entirely disappeared, and throwing his head back, with eyes half closed, he played as only an artist and lover of music can play, with expression and feeling. Suddenly he stopped, his hands upraised, then placing them on the music rack the professor bent his head over them. Two or three long drawn sighs escaped him, as he muttered something in German to himself. Sir Tommy rose quickly from his chair and going to the other's side placed his hand on his caller's arm.

"Pardon me, Professor Thode," he said, "there is something troubling you,

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I am quite sure. Can't I help you in some way?"

There was no reply for a moment, then the German raised his head and looked long and earnestly into the frank, open face above him.

"My dear young friend, Meester Anderson," he began in a hesitating way. "I am in trouble; much trouble in zee brain; I came to you to-night; I thought you might help your poor friend; you know the ways of the world better than I; you know society, too. Now I want to confide in you zee secret. Oh, such a secret. No one know but your friend here. It is inside, 'way inside, in zee heart. I keep it there always, for a long time, for many weeks." At this point he forgot himself, wandering off into sentences in his native tongue, waving his arms and running his hands through his hair as he walked up and down the room. At last he calmed down a little, and, going to the door, opened it, to be sure that no one was outside; then shutting it again.

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Approaching the wondering and somewhat amused young man, he whispered, "No one will hear zee secret; no one will see what we do."

"No, certainly not, professor. You are perfectly safe to do or say what ever you wish, without fear of detection. So go ahead and relieve your mind."

Professor Thode slowly unbuttoned his Prince Albert coat and taking a flat package from an inner pocket he held it in his hand while he spoke. "Meester Anderson," he began, "I am in love."

This statement, the way it was made, and the expression of countenance was irresistible. Sir Tommy was compelled to put his hand to his mouth to hide the half smile that came over his face.

"Go on," he said, encouragingly, "I have heard it was a bad disease, although I have not been troubled with it as yet. My time may come, however."

"Ye-es, I love this little woman so very much, she ees so sweet. I have her picture here; let me show it to you."



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He undid the paper, taking much unnecessary time, and, drawing out the bit of cardboard, held it down where the light shone on the face.

Anderson looked at it in surprise. "Why, that is Madam Jameson, the singer," he exclaimed. "She is all the rage now, and her picture is in every window. Do I infer that she is the object of your affection?"

"Ye-es, ye-es; she ees the one. Ah! she gives me zee grand passion every time I look at her," and clasping the portrait to his breast the German sighed in a lover-like way.

"Do you know the lady?" Sir Tommy inquired.

"Ye-es. I have met her many times. We have played in zee same concert."

"I also have the honor of a slight acquaintance," the young man said. "She has a beautiful voice. I will frankly admit, in that way, I am fond of her myself."

"My dear young friend, what you say

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pleases me so much. It makes zee request easy for me to tell it, for you to give me some assistance. I have a leetle favor." The professor hesitated and did not finish the sentence.

"Yes, go on," Anderson interposed encouragingly, "I am greatly interested."

"Thank you," was the grateful reply, "I knew you would be. That was zee reason I come to you. We both are in zee same musicale to-morrow night at Mrs. Mason. I play on zee piano for her to sing; it ees the first time. I dread it so very much. I shall make some mistake and disgrace her."

"Oh, no, you won't, Professor Thode, you are too old a hand at the business. You are nervous and low spirited to-night; that's what ails you."

"It may be so; I cannot tell. It ees all so queer; I feel so strange; I have no confidence; not a little bit; will you come to-morrow night and sit on zee front seat, where I can see your face? It will help me so much."

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Sir Tommy had another attack in which he had to struggle to keep from laughing and he did not answer immediately.

"I should be delighted to go," he said finally. "In fact, I received a card in the morning mail from Mrs. Mason herself inviting me to be present, and I shall be there if nothing prevents. I will also station myself near the piano and when Madame Jameson appears I will stare her out of countenance."

"No, no; don't do that, please," was the quick, nervous reply, "I want her to do zee great credit to us both. She will, I know, if I don't break down, but when she look at me with her beautiful eyes, so great, so beautiful and nod her head for zee beginning, I shall feel like zee lee-tle baby, so weak, no strength at all."

"Well, you have got it bad, and no mistake," the young man remarked as he stared into the pale, troubled countenance of the German, "I won't plague you any more. Please remember, pro-

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fessor, that I have said I will be present at the musicale. I mean it. I will do everything in my power then and afterward to further your suit. Possibly you may not be sorry that you confided in me."

His caller had risen to his feet and preparing himself for the street again made his adieus, expressing much gratitude and satisfaction at the result of their interview. He had reached the door on his way out of the room, then quickly retracing his steps he leaned over the piano and striking a few notes, sang the first lines of a German song in a clear, low tenor voice.

"It is a beautiful love song," he explained, "I shall hum it all the way home. Good night, dear Meester Anderson. God bless you."

His short, broad figure disappeared from view down the street, and Sir Tommy, closing the front door, ascended the stairs to his room. He resumed his seat by the fire and lighting his pipe thought

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over the situation, planning what he could do to assist the musician in his love making. When the following evening came he arrived at the apartments of Mrs. Mason shortly after eight o'clock. He knew he would receive a hearty welcome, as he always had in the past, for Mrs. Mason did not forget the young man's efforts in rescuing her granddaughter, little May Thorson, from the street some time previous, thus bringing her and her long-lost daughter together again. When he rang the bell the servant maid admitted him. As he inquired for Mrs. Mason the little May, hearing his voice, came running out to greet him. He caught her in his arms. "Hullo little one," he said, kissing her. "Are you glad to see me?"

"Yes, sir."

"And how is mamma, papa, and grandma?"

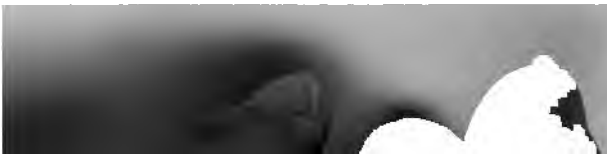
"They are pretty well, I thank you."

He had placed her on her feet where she stood looking up demurely at him

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while he removed his gloves, overcoat and overshoes. Then she remarked: "Grandma Mason sent me out to receive you, as she is talking to the singing lady. Nobody else is here yet. Won't you come in now?" Holding out her hands, she took his and led him into the music room.

As his hostess came forward to meet him he cast a quick, curious glance in the direction of the other occupant, then received Mrs. Mason's cordial welcome. Madam Jameson, the singing lady, as little May had called her, was leaning back in a luxurious easy chair, one dainty cream colored slippered foot thrust out toward the crackling wood fire in the grate, as if to receive some of the bright, cheerful warmth. In her hands she held her gloves and fan, while a number of rare gems sparkled, sending out rays of colored light as she moved her long, slim fingers back and forth. She was dressed in a handsome gown of light material, made like all her dresses in a style pecu-



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liar to herself; her odd personality, when arrayed in them, making of late much talk and receiving considerable newspaper description. Her hair was of a medium shade, inclined toward a golden tint, and its heavy braids were coiled in a circular form at the back of the head. She arose as Sir Tommy turned toward her, after speaking to Mrs. Mason, and a pleasant smile, accompanied by the flash of white teeth, spread over her face.

"Mr. Anderson, I believe," she said, holding out her hand, "we have met several times before. You are much sought after in society, I have been told, and are really quite a patron of the musical world. Something of a critic, too, are you not?"

"Well, if that is my reputation I think it is more than I deserve. I admit that I am fond of music, but I know very little about it. My criticism would not go for much, I am afraid."

"You are too modest," she said, with a

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little laugh. "I have no doubt but what it is all quite correct."

"It is, my dear," broke in Mrs. Mason. "Sir Tommy's opinion carries weight, and I, for one, would rather have it than many others."

"You have no disappointments, I hope," he said, turning to Mrs. Mason again, "your programme is to be given as you had planned?"

"I know of nothing to the contrary now," Mrs. Mason replied. "I have the star of the evening here and in good condition." She placed her arm about the other, looking up into her face as Madam Jameson stood by her side, her tall form towering above the shorter, slighter figure of the elder lady. "She could give an entire programme without any other attraction."

At this point in the conversation the bell summoned the servant to the door and Mrs. Mason went out to greet Professor Thode, as he entered the hall. As the sound of his voice came through the



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door into the music room, a red spot appeared on each side of the singer's face, her eyes grew dark with a new expression in them and her breath came a little faster than before. All this Sir Tommy observed and while his gaze was bent intently on her, she suddenly raised her eyes to his with a look, half questioning, half doubting. "Another part of the programme is assured," he remarked in a low tone. "Professor Thode has arrived. Are you acquainted with the gentleman? He is considered a fine musician."

"Yes, I am," was the response. I have heard him before. He is certainly a master in his line. He plays for me to sing this evening, I believe."

"Is that so? I have anticipated much pleasure in this musical treat to-night. Your remark just now makes me more anxious than ever to have it begin. I intend to occupy a seat near the front so as not to lose a note."

Mrs. Mason appeared at this moment,

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followed by the professor, who gave an audible sigh of satisfaction when he noticed the two occupants of the room. As he bowed over madam's hand, she seemed to be affected by his touch and replied to his words in a voice that trembled a little. Sir Tommy was the only one to notice this, and he thought, as he turned his back to them, that very little assistance would be needed from his direction in settling the question. The guests began to arrive now and in fifteen minutes the room was filled with a fashionable company. While the commotion was going on preparatory to each one settling himself or herself for the evening, Professor Thode took hold of Anderson's arm, and, drawing him into a corner, whispered, "She ees so lovely to-night; like one angel. Oh, I should think every one, everybody, would bow down and her worship as I do."

"My dear professor, you must remember that we are not all so much in love as you are," was the quiet reply. "She

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is a very handsome and fascinating woman and I am quite sure is very fond of you. In fact, I think you will need very little assistance to win her. Take my advice and at the first opportunity tell her how you feel toward her. You know, 'Faint heart never won fair lady,' is an old and very true saying. Do as I advise you and all will be well, I am sure."

"You really think so? I have some hope she will be mine. I ask her very soon. Oh, you give your poor friend such courage that he feel like one big lion."

Sir Tommy thought to himself that this remark was very appropriate, as the professor, with his grand mane of tawny hair and beard, did resemble that noble beast.

Presently the company was seated, the buzz of conversation ceased, and the evening's programme began. A young gentleman of acknowledged talent gave a fine rendering of one of Rubenstein's

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compositions, which was greeted with applause. This was repeated with added vigor, when Madam Jameson and Professor Thode arose to give their first selection. The professor, taking the two pieces of music from the piano, handed one of them to Madam. From where Sir Tommy sat he could see the bright smile she gave him, the expression of her eyes evidently greatly pleasing the German, for he looked exceedingly happy and throughout the entire evening played in such a masterly way as to greatly delight his hearers. Madam Jameson and the professor invariably found seats together, and to Sir Tommy it seemed as if every occupant of the room could see how matters were drifting with these two. The company evidently did not, however, and little or no attention was paid to their visible preference for each other's society. The evening slipped away. The programme was carried through to the last number, then the party were invited into the din-

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ing room, where they were delightfully entertained and refreshed. It was now about eleven o'clock, and the hum of general conversation soon filled the large drawing room again. The current topics of the day were discussed, the heavy affairs of state or nation by the gentlemen, and the latest fashions by the ladies. Suddenly a commotion just inside a small alcove room, to the right, drew the attention of those near. Before they could satisfy their curiosity by an investigation Sir Tommy appeared dragging after him Professor Thode and Madam Jameson. Both drew away a little, as if reluctant to appear before the company at that moment. Their faces were bright with smiles and everyone guessed instinctively what it all meant. Sir Tommy made a little speech, his first words attracting the attention of those who had not noticed the sudden entrance.

"My dear friends," he began in his drawling way, throwing his head back, so that his monocle flashed in the gas

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light from the chandelier overhead, "I have a very important announcement to make this evening, which will no doubt greatly please you. I have been aware that a certain event might happen at any time, but having been pledged to secrecy my mouth has been closed and my tongue silent until this moment. Now I will speak." He looked around the room in an almost defiant way, turned first to the madam, then to the professor, but their eyes were bent on the floor, and they did not raise them. "I have great pleasure in announcing the engagement of Madam Jameson and Professor Thode," Sir Tommy went on. "Tomorrow morning's papers will announce the fact to the public and the musical world will shower congratulations on the heads of these two popular artists."

Mrs. Mason came forward, her hands stretched out and her face bright with smiles. "Why, my dear Madam Jameson," she exclaimed, "this is a surprise, and you, too, professor. Well, well, I

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should never have thought of it, let me congratulate you both." She kissed her favorite very tenderly, her eyes moist and her lips trembling with feeling. Her thoughts went back to her own girlhood, when her late husband came to see her as her lover, and how in later years many of her hopes and plans had been crushed. Others, who were acquainted, gathered around the newly engaged couple, offering hearty congratulations. Finally the company broke up and Professor Thode took madam home in his carriage. Sir Tommy was the last to go and as he stood in the hall with little May in his arms her tired head was close to his face and her little arm across his immaculate shirt front. He looked down at her with a queer, half cynical smile on his young face, and then quietly smoothing back a stray curl, the young man turned to his hostess, who was watching him.

"What were you thinking about?" he asked. "It must have been something very serious, I should say, by the look in your eyes."

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"I was thinking what a nice father you would make," was the reply. "Oh, Mr. Anderson, why have you stayed single? You have money, good looks, an excellent education, plenty of brains and one very important characteristic—a pleasant disposition."

A low laugh was the first reply to her words, then he became very serious and said with a trace of sharpness in his voice: "That last remark shows how little you really know me, Mrs. Mason. I have not a pleasant disposition; on the contrary I am extremely disagreeable at times. What do I want to get married for, and saddle myself to a wife and family? The wife would be coming continually for money for this purpose or that, and the children, if I was unfortunate enough to have any, would grow up and nine chances out of ten show the result of the careful training they had had by marrying against their parents' wishes, or else conduct themselves in



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some other objectionable way. You see, you have taken me in a tender point."

"I see I have, but I am sorry to hear you talk that way. It does not seem right. I am quite sure you are not half as bad as you try to make out; you would be very fond of your children."

"Ah! that's just it. I should be very fond of them and if they went wrong it would be a terrible disappointment to me. In the first place, I have never seen the woman I wanted, and in the second place, I don't care to take the risk."

"Yes; that is the way you feel now, but just wait until you come across the right one."

Little May awoke at this point in the conversation and nestled closer to Sir Tommy. A rapid change came over his face, and placing her quickly in a chair near by, he put on his overcoat and with a brief good night left Mrs. Mason's apartments.

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## A MUSICAL ROMANCE.

"It ees all so new, so strange to me. I know not if I am on my heels or my head. I t'ink dat's what you say." Professor Thode made this remark with a perplexed expression on his bearded face, and a wild gesture of the hands.

"Yes, that is right," was the reply of his companion, Sir Tommy Anderson. "It is used sometimes among Americans." His lips twitched under his moustache, as he made this answer and an amused look showed in his eyes.

The two friends were standing in Sir Tommy's appartments, the professor pulling on a pair of white gloves, while the younger man was making some finishing touches to his toilet. Both were in evening dress. The explanation of this attire and the German's nervousness can be easily explained. It was six-thirty o'clock and at eight Professor Thode would meet his bride, at the altar of St. Mark's Episcopal church on the avenue. Sir Tommy was to be his best man and Miss Morton, a close friend to

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Madam Jameson, was to be the maid of honor.

The month was June, and this particular evening—the twentieth—was pleasant and comfortably cool. The engagement had been of three months duration, but the couple had decided that it was long enough, and they wanted to spend their honeymoon in Germany.

Presently the carriage came for the professor and Sir Tommy, and they were whirled around quickly to the church, which they entered by the chapel door. The room was deserted at the time, and Sir Tommy, stepping to the swinging doors leading into the main auditorium, pushed one slightly open and glanced into the brightly lighted interior. The chancel was a mass of potted plants and ferns, the strong odor from the blossoms on the former coming with sweet fragrance to the young man's nostrils. The front of the church was well filled and the ushers were going quickly up and down the aisles ushering the guests into the

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remaining vacant seats. There were all of Sir Tommy's set who were friends of the bride and groom, Mrs. Mason with the little May, Mrs. and Mr. Algernon Van Tassell, Mrs. Carpenter and her daughter, Miss Georgiana Porter Carpenter, Professors Whal, Mickler, Brown and others of the conservatory of music, and many musicians well known in the musical world. Among the ushers were two of Sir Tommy's friends, James Dearborn and Arthur Standish. The former had just ushered some ladies into seats on the side, and came into the vestry.

"You want to be all ready," he said. "It is about eight o'clock, and the bride has just arrived. I am going to notify the organist."

He went out to the organ loft and coming back presently returned to the rear of the church. The soft music ceased and for a moment the place was quiet, then the strains of the wedding march from Lohengrin burst forth, and the first two ushers appeared in the centre aisle.

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There was a general turning around of the company and a craning of necks to get the first look at the bride. The second two ushers followed the first, then Miss Morton, the maid of honor, and Madam Jameson, leaning on the arm of her old teacher, Herr Van Holtz. As they proceeded on their way to the chancel Professor Thode and Sir Tommy made their appearance from the side door and came forward to meet them. The rector was awaiting the bridal party at the steps and as they took their position he opened his service book and began the Episcopal service. This was carried through to the close and then, to Mendelssohn's march, Professor Thode, with his bride on his arm, faced the audience and slowly walked to the rear of the church, and to their carriage, waiting at the entrance.

Sir Tommy received a letter announcing the time of their return to New York and of their departure for the fatherland, and invited their friends to call upon

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them in his apartments. This, a large number did, and many of them accompanied the bride and groom to the wharf, where they waved their adieus as the ship passed out of sight.









A PARISIAN ENCOUNTER.



## A PARISIAN ENCOUNTER.

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HELLO! old man. Well, well, is it really you? I am deucedly glad to see you. You are the last person I expected to come across here, just the same, I will freely confess. Where did you drop from anyway?" With this hurried combination of exclamations and interrogations, accompanied by a slap on the shoulder, the hands of the two men came together in a hearty, friendly clasp. Sir Tommy Anderson deigned no reply for a moment. His American eyes took in with a careful scrutiny, not unmixed with curiosity, the other's tall, well-built figure, English in style and bearing, the face showing the Briton in every lineament. Then he answered somewhat

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more quietly, "I have been in Paris ten days; came direct from London; was in England three months; came over last June. What brings you here?"

"O, nothing in particular. Thought it an excellent place to kill time for a few weeks. It's awfully dull this time of year."

They turned and sauntered along the avenue, deep in conversation of a descriptive and explanatory character regarding their lives during the two years since their last meeting.

The circumstances of their acquaintance were as follows: Arthur Morley was a young Englishman of twenty-three, a son of wealthy and aristocratic parents. Wishing to study American manners and customs, the young man, after his graduation from Oxford, went to America—direct to Columbia—where he had pursued a special course of study. In one of his classes was Thomas Anderson, a New Yorker, a pleasant, companionable fellow, and the two soon became the best

### A PARISIAN ENCOUNTER.

of friends. Anderson had taken the Englishman around in a social way, introducing him to the best society in the city, thus making the winter extremely pleasant for the young man, who, a year later, returned to his native land. Then Sir Tommy, as his friends called him, entered the law school, taking a special course. This had been completed about four months before, and his father had given him six months vacation previous to his entering his law office as the elder man's associate. The three months just passed had been spent, as he informed his friend, in travelling about England. Now he was in Paris for an indefinite stay.

"So you have been here ten days. Wish I had found you out before; but it is not half bad after all. Where are you putting up?"

"With an artist friend on the Place de l' Odeon. I tell you, Arthur, it's quite an experience,—a novel one for me,—living in such a Bohemian style. It is

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a go-as-you-please sort of a life, so different from that at home; and I rather like it." His companion burst out laughing.

"Imagine the elegant Sir Tommy stooping to reside in such a locality. It's rich, deuced rich," he said. "O, by the way, how is my old friend, Mrs. Van Tassell,—she with the meek little husband, Algernon by name? That woman was awfully kind to me, don't you know. I haven't forgotten it."

"Nicely, when I came away; I called the day before I sailed. Her rooms were in confusion, as she was packing her trunks for a few weeks at Saratoga. Standish and Dearborn are both as usual. No change in them since you saw them last. They take life too easy to grow old very fast."

The two had unconsciously taken the general direction of Sir Tommy's lodgings, and now he said:

"Won't you come down to my friend's room? I should like to have you meet

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him. He is a bright fellow, with lots of talent. Plucky and gritty, too."

The other hesitated.

"O, come on," his friend urged, taking him by the sleeve. "It is all right."

"Well, if you think I won't be intruding I will come."

This settled it, and they went on together, finally reaching the vicinity and a moment later the door of the house, respectable but old styled. Sir Tommy led the way into an ill-lighted hall and up two long flights of steps. Then, opening a door, Arthur Morely followed him into a room.

The taste of the occupant could be told at a glance, for the room was evidently half studio, half sleeping and living apartment. The door at which they entered was at the front, two windows lighting that portion of the room. About two-thirds of the way toward the farther end was a curtain of dark red stuff, strung on a light pole, kept from sagging by two supports at equal distances apart. Be-



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hind this was gloom. The front portion of this artist's domicile was an odd looking place. A sort of conglomeration of everything, but, withal, artistic in its confusion. Overhead was a large skylight—the room was at the top of the house—and underneath stood an easel on which was a good-sized sheet of canvas, the subject concealed by a drapery thrown carelessly over it. On the floor stood a wooden travelling box, well filled with tubes of paint, a palette and stick, a wad of old clothes and a large meerschauum pipe, the latter smelling strongly of tobacco. The wall was covered with sketches, both in water color and oil, the subjects varying, some of city life and architecture, but the great majority scenes in the country, with pretty sheets of water, patches of woodland, meadows, quaint old houses, and peasants in their native costume. Between the windows was an oriental couch, several chairs and trunks in various locations, a chest of drawers and over it a large mirror with

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an elaborate gilt frame, now tarnished and cracked, which had evidently seen better days. On the chairs and couch had been thrown many articles of men's wearing apparel, several coats, a shooting jacket and blanket wrap, hats, some canes and numerous unmentionable articles. The room was evidently deserted and Morely gazed around with curious eyes.

"Well, what do you think of it?" remarked, his friend, "was not my description correct? Isn't it a go-as-you-please sort of place; a little of everything and not much of anything?"

"I should say so. I think I rather fancy it, however. Don't see how you can stand the confusion and want of system."

"One becomes used to most anything after a time, you know. It did give me some uncomfortable thoughts for a day or two."

"Who is your artist friend?" Morely

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questioned, as he went nearer and scrutinized the sketches on the wall.

"Wilson; he has made his reputation in pictures similar to these sketches, and now, in many cases, can dictate his price. He was in the law school in New York for a year, and that was where I met him. Many have called him an odd stick, but we have always been good friends."

Morely had made the tour of the room, and as he reached the easel he paused and his eyes took in all that was visible; the upright frame, the edge of the picture and the drapery thrown over it.

"I wonder what this is?" he questioned. "Do you know? I think I will lift it and see."

At this juncture there was a step on the stairs, quick and nervous, and a man's low whistle, the tune being a popular one.

"Come away from that," his friend cried, starting up. "Jack is peculiar

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about some things. He hates to have any one appear inquisitive. That picture has been on that easel ever since I came, and I have not seen it yet. I want you two to be friends, so remember this point about Wilson."

When the artist appeared a moment later, he had no cause for suspicion, for the two men were by the window examining an old piece of bric-a-brac.

"Well, I did not expect to find you here," he began, "thought I was alone, until I looked over here and saw you two at the window."

"We have only been here a few moments," Sir Tommy answered. "Let me introduce my friend, Mr. Morely of England; he was at Columbia for a year. We were great chums."

The two men shook hands, the artist in his quick, nervous way, the other more slowly and deliberately, a characteristic of his makeup. "Glad to see you," the artist began, "that is I am glad to make your acquaintance. Any friend of Sir

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Tommy's is a friend of mine. I regret that I cannot be very hospitable to-day, as I have a lady coming for a sitting in half an hour."

He was a short, spare, little man, and now he had a frown on his thin, dark face, as if he was not quite sure how his words would be taken.

"O, that's all right, Jack, old man," Sir Tommy broke in. "Morely and I would not intrude for the world. I have never heard of this model before. You know I have always been out mornings. I have accepted Morely's invitation to lunch, so we could not remain long anyway."

This put the three more at their ease and they seated themselves, Wilson and Morely entering into an animated conversation regarding a location in the suburbs of the city that had become noted of late as a rendezvous for the Parisian sports. Suddenly Wilson looked around at the time piece on the wall, manifesting considerable uneasiness; then at the two

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men as they sat unconcernedly as if they had no intention of soon leaving. Sir Tommy, noticing the expression and the quick glance at the clock, said, turning to his friend; "well, Morely, shall we make a start? No doubt the artist grudges us the time from his work. We will leave him in peace and solitude, until the arrival of his model, when he can be happy in her company."

His words had more truth in them than he knew, and a moment later the two men were descending the stairs, neither little realizing the true state of things. As they reached the lower hall the outer door was flung open in an impulsive way and a female figure, closely veiled, flitted past them, disappearing up the stairs.

"Phew!" Arthur Morley drew in his breath, then let it out again with an audible sound. "What was that? Could you make it out?"

"Yes and no. It was a woman, but so closely veiled that I could not tell

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what she looked like. Mighty trim figure and pretty ankles. Must be Wilson's model," said Sir Tommy. "Yes, that is just what it is," he went on in a tone of conviction. I should like to see her face. If it corresponds with the rest of her figure she must be fine looking."

"Guess he wants her all to himself by the appearance of things," responded Morely. "Must have a fondness for her, and is afraid of some other fellow cutting him out."

"I for one will not intrude where I am not wanted," broke in Sir Tommy, loyal to his friend and host. "He probably does it out of respect for her. She is no doubt a very genteel sort of person, and would be embarrassed at the presence of strange men in the studio."

The Englishman broke out into a laugh decidedly unpleasant to hear,—a laugh with a trace of sneering scorn in it.

His friend looked at him sharply.

"You don't seem to think as I do in this

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matter," he remarked. "Of course I know practically nothing about Wilson and his life here, but I hate to think bad of a fellow until I have cause to do so."

"Frankly, I don't," was the response. "I should like to see that picture and under that veil, just the same, and I mean to if I get half a chance."

No other remark was made on either side, and the subject dropped. Several days later Sir Tommy went to call on Arthur Morely in his rooms and during the conversation he said:

"By the way, I nearly forgot. Jack has tickets some times for the theatre,—a friend in the business, I believe,—and he gave me two for to-night at the Theatre Francais. Don't know anything about the play, but understand it is a very good one. Will you go with me?"

"Certainly. This play only came on the boards two weeks ago, and has already made a great hit. I have not seen it, but several fellows I know have, and



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they all speak well of it. The star is a dandy, and the men go wild over her."

"All right. We will soon find out whether they show good taste or not; these seats are near the front, so we will prepare ourselves to be smitten with her charms like the rest of our sex."

A few hours later the two friends were seated in the orchestra of the Theatre Francias in the second row from the stage waiting for the rise of the curtain. Presently the curtain rolled up and the play was soon holding the closest attention of everyone. The plot was a strong one and led up to a thrilling climax. During the two intermissions, previous to the last act, the friends had followed many others to the foyer and smoking rooms, but Sir Tommy had not noticed how quiet Morely was. His attention had been taken up with other acquaintances or in talking to the Englishman about the various members of the company. They were just passing through the door into the theatre at the close of

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the last intermission. Two gentlemen were in front of them, and one was saying,—“That Madam Muras is a fine looking woman, and a fine actress. I don’t wonder that men rave over her. I think if my stay in Paris was longer and I saw her again I should begin to feel the effect of her charms.”

They passed down the aisle, to their seats, and out of hearing of Sir Tommy and Morely, who also resumed their places in the orchestra.

“I agree with that fellow,” Anderson said. “I am an old hand in woman’s company and not easily smitten, but I must admit that this star has a way with her distinctly original and fetching.”

“Yes, I think so,” was the only response.

The final act was finished, a half hour later, and the two men proceeded into the night. Morely in the lead, walked rapidly down the street, evidently forgetful of his friend. They went through an alley and up a narrow passageway, paus-

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ing in front of a wooden door with a lantern in an iron bracket overhead. This was the stage entrance of the Theatre Francais, Sir Tommy discovered as he came up a moment after, and glanced at the red lettering on the front of the lantern. From here another street led out to one of the main thoroughfares, a short distance away. As the two men turned in that direction, three carriages came rumbling toward them. At this moment the door opened and a troupe of men and women came out and disappeared in various directions. The door-keeper was standing in the entry holding the door open far enough to disclose a narrow, ill-lighted passage, and the Englishman, stepping quickly forward, talked earnestly with him for a moment. As he turned away another man's voice was heard from the interior and the man at the door called to the driver of the first carriage. All the rest happened so quickly that it was over in

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an instant, and the two friends stood gazing into each other's faces.

"Wilson," said Sir Tommy.

"Madam Muras, the actress and your friend's model," replied Arthur Morely.

"O, no; I guess not. It cannot be the two are the same. You must be mistaken."

"No, I am not, either," this with an air of conviction. "I should know that figure anywhere. I have been positive the two were the same all the evening."

"Well, I will not dispute, you may be right, but I think you are mistaken."

"I am so sure about it that I intend going to your friend's studio to-morrow morning and make him introduce me," went on Morely. "I mean to know that woman before twenty-four hours have passed."

"You must not do it," exclaimed Sir Tommy in alarm, "you know he would consider your presence an intrusion, and I should feel sorry for ever taking you there."

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"I must, old man; but you shall not be blamed; I will arrange that all right. If he is not willing to introduce us I will make him, that's all."

Anderson glanced quickly into his friend's face under the dim light, noticed how pale and set it was, and how the teeth were clenched together in a way that showed the man's determination in the matter. They proceeded for some distance in silence, first down the narrow street, then along the boulevard, in the direction of Morely's lodgings. Reaching them, with a brief good night, they separated, Sir Tommy having nothing more to say regarding the other's intention. He knew from several instances in the past the dogged disposition of his friend, and how useless it would be to argue with him. He slowly climbed the stairs and taking a key from his pocket proceeded to find the keyhole. A moment later he was in the artist's room, where a light was soon dispelling the gloom of the place. Taking the lamp

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from the small bracket on the wall he went across to the easel. Looking down at the partially hidden canvas, a struggle went on within him—a struggle between curiosity to prove Morely's words true and loyalty to his friend. Sir Tommy knew that Jack Wilson wished to keep this secret, even from him, for he had plainly showed it in word and act from the day he came here.

"He has been kind to me and I will respect his confidence," the young man said. He turned away and quickly undressing himself was soon asleep. An hour later Wilson arrived, but nothing happened that night worthy of mention. The following day passed and a week slipped away before Wilson and Morely met again, for the artist was absent on a painting trip in one of the southern provinces. The Englishman did call the next day, as he said he would, but he found the door locked and a card tacked on the panel announcing the artist's absence. He went away much disap-

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man should. The rest you said requires an apology or well; you know what."

As he spoke he seemed to add height and dignity to his stature, and the other, knowing that he had misjudged him, drew back and seemed to quail before the young man's honest eyes.

"I won't take back a word," was the stubborn reply. "not a word, you are a spy and a sneak."

He had read the other's secret and jealous rage took complete control of him; he started toward Morely with arms extended and hands clinched. The Englishman quietly caught him and before the artist knew what was being done to him he was placed in a chair and held there. He soon grew quiet. Then Morely said:

"If you will behave as you should, we can talk. You conducted yourself just now as if you wanted to settle our differences in the manner of the ring. Now I started this trouble, and of course you have the right to name the weapons, for

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I challenge you. Our seconds can select the time and place."

"I accept your challenge," was the reply.

"Very well. Now one question; do you know where Mr. Anderson is?"

"He came back with me last evening. I have not seen him this morning."

This closed the interview, and Mr. Morely, leaving the room and house, went directly to his own apartments, where a message was soon written and sent to Sir Tommy. The young man waited with feverish impatience for an hour, two hours, until a little after noon, when his friend appeared.

"How are you, Morely," exclaimed Sir Tommy in greeting. "Well, I hope. I found your note just now, and came directly here. Wilson was out, so I did not know how long ago it was delivered. I went on a trip with him. We had a fine time. Returned last night."

"So I understood," was the quiet reply, "I made a call on your artist friend



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rightness was well known in their native land, had endeavored to follow in the footsteps of his ancestors, his success giving much satisfaction to his father. Now he seemed to forget everything, home, family, honor, for as his eyes rested on the easel, with its covered canvas, he moved nearer, his heavy breathing showing evidence of suppressed emotions, and with trembling hand outstretched slowly removed the drapery. With one quick glance at the picture of the woman he loved, for the likeness was that of the actress, the young man was on his knees, his face close to the painted one. An instant later there was a cry, half of pain, half of anger, and John Wilson stood in the doorway, his face white, drawn, the eyes staring and the lips tightly pressed together. He was at the other's side so quickly that the change from doorway to easel seemed like one giant stride, then taking Morely by the shoulders the artist flung him half across the room.

"You sheep in wolf's clothing," he

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hissed through his teeth; "you spy, you villain, what do you mean by entering a man's house in this way? spying into his private affairs, into those things he holds most sacred."

The other had risen to his feet and stood quietly until Wilson finished speaking, his arms folded, his features pale and rigid and his whole expression that of the master and superior.

"You forget yourself," he replied slowly, as if carefully selecting his words before uttering them. "You do not realize what you are saying. I shall call you to account for every one of them; a Morely never allows an insult to pass without satisfaction of some kind."

Before the other had a chance to reply, he went on:

"I admit that I did you a wrong just now. I came in here, and knowing that that was a picture of Madam Muras, a desire which I could not control mastered me and I removed the covering. I beg your pardon for doing that, as a gentle-

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pointed and haunted the place daily, but with the same result.

Morely also went to the theatre each night, trying in every way to see and become acquainted with the beautiful star, but without success. He sent bouquets of choice flowers to her, and flattered himself with the thought that she was pleased with them, not thinking, in his disturbed state of mind, that his token to beauty and genius was only one of many received from other admirers. Arthur Morely's phlegmatic nature had been thoroughly aroused by this woman of the stage, first with curiosity at her trim, well-dressed figure as she had slipped past him on the stairs leading to the artist's studio; then at the theatre, where her great beauty and marvelous talent had stirred him to his very soul, making a different being of him. Many others were affected in a like manner, but few to as great a degree. This state of affairs went on for seven days, and on the morning of the eighth Arthur

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Morely's patience was rewarded, for as he took his daily walk past the house occupied by Wilson, and glanced up at the window in the top story he saw that the shades had been drawn away. The window was raised and as he stood on the opposite sidewalk, uncertain what to do, Wilson himself suddenly appeared at the lower door, without a glance in any direction, walked quickly down the street. Morely watched the retreating figure for a moment; then, scarcely realizing what he was doing, he crossed to the other side, and, entering the house, slowly mounted the long flights of stairs. Finding the door of the studio unfastened he went in. The place was unoccupied, the long dividing curtain, now drawn aside, giving a view of the farther end, and the Englishman, standing near the upright supports, knew with a quick survey, that he was alone.

Arthur Morely, son and heir of a family whose reputation for honor and up-

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this morning; a very pleasant fifteen minutes we spent together."

The tone attracted the other's attention, and Anderson glanced quickly at the Englishman. A feeling of trouble came over him.

"Something has happened," he cried. "Was it about the picture?"

"Yes. I walked by the house this morning, as I have every morning since you went away. He came out, and, not realizing what I was doing, I went up to his studio. The covered picture was too strong a temptation and I removed the drapery."

"The likeness was of ——?" broke in Sir Tommy. The sentence was not finished by either, but the quiet nod of Morely's head gave him his answer.

"I had hardly done so," the young man went on, "when Wilson appeared and insulted me. He had a right to blame me for my seeming inquisitiveness. I should have taken that quietly, but a Morely will not stand being called a vil-

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lain and a sneak. There could be only one result, a duel, and I challenged him. I sent that note to ask a favor of you. Will you be my second?"

"Is it so serious? I am sorry for you both, as you are my friends. It is past settlement in any other way, I suppose. Yes, I will do this for you."

The conversation was continued for a time, and then Sir Tommy went away to make arrangements for the affair. This was done much easier than he anticipated for he had hardly left the house when he met a man whom he knew as an artist acquaintance of John Wilson. This man, Lawrence Brown, accosting him, made such inquiries about Arthur Morely as to prove to the American that he was to act as second to Morely's opponent.

"I think it is I you wish to see," he said, "I infer you know of the coming duel between Mr. Wilson and Mr. Morely. Are you his friend?"

"I have that honor."

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One arrested her attention, and discarding the others, she opened the wrapper while her maid arranged portions of her toilet. The brief contents affected her strangely, for she turned pale, swayed a little, then started away from the young woman, much to that person's astonishment, and disappeared an instant later through the door. She met the manager in the passage, and accosted him.

"Mons. de Poulsson, I shall have to be excused from taking my part in the last act. My excuse is sudden indisposition, brought on by a letter announcing bad news. Please have Mademoiselle Motte take my place."

There was a pause, and a frown came over the manager's face.

"It is impossible," he said. "Mademoiselle Motte is also ill, and has just gone home, so you will have to finish the act. I am exceedingly sorry that I am obliged to refuse you, as this is the first time for several months you have made such a request, but it cannot be helped."

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With another expression of regret he hurried on, and Madam Muras, knowing further conversation would be useless, turned into her dressing room again.

"Hortense," she said to her maid, "you may continue to dress me. The time is short, and there must be no delay to-night. As soon as I go on, send for my carriage. I want it here the moment I am through."

"Can I get there before it is too late?" she muttered to herself, "he said that at eleven he would vindicate his honor and mine. He did not think I would get this letter until to-morrow. It must be stopped if possible. He is not strong enough to do such a thing, and will probably have another of those terrible attacks. Oh, why will men be so foolish? Hurry, Hortense. Make all the haste you can. You are dreadfully slow."

"I have finished Madam," was the quiet reply, and the star, hiding the now crumpled note in the bosom of her dress, went away to face the audience. This



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a small bundle, led the way to the street, where a carriage presently drew up. There was one occupant, a physician, and presently the three were on their way to the appointed place.

Arthur Morely had passed the day in a more composed manner, quietly attending to a few affairs made necessary in case the coming duel proved serious or fatal to him. He also, with Sir Tommy and a physician, were now driving toward the spot where honor was soon to be satisfied.

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The dressing room that evening of Madam Muras, in the Theatre Francais, was so quiet that it seemed like a portion of some house many miles from any city or place of amusement. A parlor effect was noticeable, and fine feminine taste was in evidence everywhere. The light was turned low, flickering a little in the cool breeze from the open window, and the star's maid was asleep in the large easy chair nearby. The sound of applause

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could be heard at times from a distance, but so faintly as to seem like the moving branches of many trees. Following the outbursts of approval the madam would appear, there would be bustle and active life for a short period; then she would go back to take her part and the place would become quiet once more. The next to the final act was finished, and as the curtain was rung down a young attache knocked on Madam Muras' door, arousing the maid, who answered the summons and was handed several letters. Few people received their mail as late in the evening, the last delivery being several hours earlier, but at the Theatre Francais one of the employes went down before the play was finished, each night, during the week and brought it back. Madam, the star, now appeared to dress for the last act, and as she passed through the door the little French time piece on the dressing table announced the hour of ten. She noticed the letters, and glanced over them in a careless way.

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"I am to act in a like capacity for my friend. Shall we make the necessary arrangements?"

"It surely is a very unfortunate affair, and I feel it more than many would, for both gentlemen are my friends."

The two men went into one of the hotels, where, after a brief conversation, the hour of eleven that evening was decided upon, swords to be the weapons, and the place, one in the outskirts made famous for the many duels fought there in the past.

Wilson's studio seemed unusually quiet that day, notwithstanding the presence of the artist. He was pale, haggard, his hair disheveled and his actions were like one bereft of his senses. Uneasiness, with a lack of motive, seemed to be his condition, for he was in motion constantly, going to the easel, where he would look for a moment at the face of the stage artist, then to different objects. Finally he took down a pair of foils hung on the wall, and after testing them, pro-

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ceeded to go through with the various movements common in fencing. This, seemed to quiet him, and taking out paper and ink he was busy until nearly dark, first writing, with much care, something evidently very important on a number of large sheets of foolscap, and then several letters. His task finished, he seemed to collapse. Rising from his chair with much difficulty, Wilson threw himself on his bed, where he remained until Lawrence Brown came in for final instructions. These were, to take out and mail the various letters, order a carriage and leave the long document at the house of a friend. When Brown came back he prevailed upon Wilson to eat some food and drink some strong coffee, but the artist was evidently in very low spirits and would hardly speak a word during the remainder of the time the two stayed in the house.

As a clock in a church tower nearby struck ten, the men put on their outer coats, and Brown, taking the swords and

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she bravely did and no one in the theatre that night knew what she was going through or what a supreme effort of mind and body was necessary to properly carry out her part.

It was over at last, but two recalls had to be answered. Then she reached her dressing room with all possible haste, where Hortense threw around her the light outside wrap she held. Soon they were outside. The carriage was there, the address was given the driver, and they were off at ten thirty-five, giving twenty-five minutes in which to reach the place of meeting, three miles away.

Twice during that ride Madam Muras lowered the window and urged the driver to greater speed, and the horses, replying to the whip lash, went faster and faster. The place was very near now, but owing to a thick growth of trees could not be seen or approached without taking a short walk.

The madam alighted at the edge of the grove, and, accompanied by Hortense,

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went rapidly between the trees, then followed the sound of voices, until finally the little party was exposed to view.

The moonlight made the open space as bright as day, and the two men in the centre were plainly seen struggling with all the strength of arm and keenness of eyesight for the supremacy.

"Stop! I command you. This must not go on."

The suddenness of the command made every man in the party jump. The physicians and seconds moved from their places, and Morely and Wilson stepped back. The eyes of each watched the rapidly approaching figure, but the madam, without a glance to the right or left, proceeded rapidly toward the artist. He seemed to be wavering a little where he stood, and just as she reached his side sank back into her outstretched arms. An instant later, as the others gathered around, they saw his white shirt was red with blood and that some of it had colored the ermine of the lady's cape.

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"What is the meaning of this?" cried Arthur Morely. "I had not touched him."

"No, they had just begun when you came," said Sir Tommy, wonder in his voice and glance. "He must have broken a blood vessel."

There was no reply from the lady, but as the two physicians bent over with the intention of offering their surgical skill she threw herself on the prostrate man's breast and covered him with the long folds of her garment. Then they tried to move her, but she clung to the artist until considerable force was necessary to lift her to her feet. She gave one terrible cry.

"No, you did not touch him, but you are my husband's murderer. Take care! I mean to have my revenge!"

With these words she suddenly bent down, and, taking Wilson's sword from the ground at his side, sprang at Morely, as he stood a few feet away. Her clothing impeded her progress to a slight de-

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gree, but she would have injured the Englishman, perhaps seriously, if Sir Tommy had not stepped between them receiving the sharp sword point in his right arm. Snatching away the blade with the other hand he turned the course of the weapon upward, then caught the woman's wrist in his strong fingers. She was quickly held by two of the others, and after a struggle calmed down and began to cry.

"What did that woman mean?" demanded Arthur Morely, as he assisted one of the surgeons to bind up his friend's wound. "The man is dead," was the quiet reply. "The unusual exertion brought on a hemorrhage. He has probably been subject to these attacks and his death was painless, occurring almost as soon as he fell."

Nothing more was said, but the dead man was placed in madam's carriage, where she held him in her arms, and in company with her maid drove toward the city, followed by the others.



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On reaching there, Anderson and Morely, after a hurried consultation, decided it would be for the best to leave the country and so the midnight train carried them out of France and danger.

The Paris papers next day, which they purchased many miles from the capital, gave an extended account of the duel. The part of the affair which the two men knew about was of little interest to them, but the rest affected each strangely. Madam Muras had thought herself the wife of John Wilson for over a year, the newspapers explained, but it had been kept a secret as the property which belonged to the actress's first husband was to go to a charitable institution if she married within two years.

In some way the press had also got hold of the contents of Wilson's long document, which was in substance that he had a presentiment of his coming death, and that, as he had a wife living in America, the actress was nothing to him after all.

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On English soil the two friends separated, Sir Tommy's faith in human nature somewhat shaken, and Arthur Morely with a sad heart and much wiser for his recent experience.

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THE FAMILY HONOR.



## THE FAMILY HONOR.

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THE street had seen better days ; likewise the house ; but many years ago fashion, that capricious, wayward, constantly changing form of the social world, had suddenly altered its course, like a child tired of a plaything, and had pushed out in other directions, leaving this part of the city to neglectful age and decay. It was very late and very dark, as the street lamps gave an indifferent, feeble, flickering flame, but at Number 7, third floor front a bright light showed through the window draperies. Inside this room was cheerfulness and warmth ; the furnishings in good taste, but rather the worse for the wear and tear of a quarter century. The tall banquet lamp had been



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lighted, and as the yellow flame grew in strength it penetrated through the silk shade into every corner of the room. Two men had just entered, both in evening dress, but the face of each was hidden, the host as he bent over the lamp to adjust the wick and his guest as he placed his hat on a hook of the wall hat rack.

"I have not seen you for a week," the host said. "Where have you kept yourself?"

The other turned.

"I had very important business to look after," he replied with a strong foreign accent, "the result of which was of vital importance to me. You have such queer ways in this infernal country of yours, so different from ours in France."

He had turned in speaking, throwing his overcoat on a chair as he did so, and proceeded to remove his gloves. He was of medium height, broad in the shoulders, with a well knit figure, indicating strength, a handsome face of the dark French cast, pleasing in repose, but as he

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glanced toward the other with a sneer, positively fiendish in its expression.

Alex. Carpenter gave a low laugh as the Frenchman finished, and followed the other's example in taking off his outer garment and gloves. He was tall and very thin, of the Saxon type, having that intense paleness some men have who are dissipated, the whole general make up of the man indicating the weak remnant of a once vigorous race.

"You are a little hard on us," he said. "You certainly have a prosperous look; I am the one to kick if anybody does. I suppose it is my own fault; I always did as I pleased against the advice of family and friends. Take the easy chair and make yourself comfortable," he went on hospitably. "You spoke of a game of cards over our wine, when I met you at the theatre an hour ago and invited you to come here with me. That is agreeable to me. Anything for excitement after that play. Wasn't it rank? I don't think I could have stood it much longer;

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was thinking of leaving, in fact, when I happened to see your face in the box."

Count Adolph de Lessier made no reply as the other rambled on, and seemed far from comfortable as he lay back in the big chair. His long white hands moved restlessly over each other and his dark eyes, under the half closed lids, watched Carpenter as he made his preparations. Few persons knew anything about this man beyond the fact that he was a Frenchman—none doubted his nationality—but some who had had dealings with him began to question, in their own minds, his claim to the title of Count. The acquaintanceship between these two men was a comparatively recent one, so the American knew little about him and cared less, for of late many of his old associates had dropped him, and now he accepted any friend that came along.

Alexander Porter Carpenter, to give him his full name, was the only child of Mrs. Jane Carpenter, widow of the late Judge Humphrey Carpenter, and had

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been a cross and trial to his family from an early age. His father put him through college and the law school, then took him into his office, but all this parental care and expense proved of slight use to the young man. He continued his wild, dissipated habits, neglected his law duties and seemed in a fair way to fill a drunkard's grave, breaking the loving hearts of both parents. His father died suddenly from a stroke of apoplexy, brought on, it was thought, by intense excitement while in a fit of righteous anger over an escapade of his son, a lengthy account appearing in the morning papers. This sobered the young man for a little time but he soon drifted back to his former ways, and now the relation between his mother and himself had become so strained that he went home but little, preferring to occupy a rented room, thus feeling free to live as he liked. He had a small income of his own, from property left him by his grandfather, but little came in from the neglected law

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practice, the suite of rooms his father had occupied having dwindled to two and the office force from six to a young student in the law school. One man had stood by him from the first, and his friendship had been of invaluable help on several occasions.

Sir Tommy Anderson believed there was good in the fellow, and that after a time his better nature would be aroused so strongly that he would turn over a new leaf. He had reasons, worthy ones, which he kept to himself, for he knew they would not be appreciated, and he would be called a fool for taking more of a burden on his shoulders than he was called upon to do. Family honor was to him a sacred thing, his fetish, his religion. A man could go so far, he believed; then came a limit; beyond that, action seemed dastardly, almost criminal. Alex. Carpenter had gone beyond that limit many times, but Sir Tommy had knowledge of only twice. Two other reasons were his interest in the

#### A PARISIAN ENCOUNTER.

family, the young man's mother having been the intimate friend and schoolmate of his mother and the relationship of cousin which existed between Alex. and Miss Georgiana Porter Carpenter.

This was the condition of affairs on the night young Alex. had the French count for a guest. He had been lucky at cards for a week, and had quite a sum of money in his possession. This fact being known in some way by De Lessier, that honorable gentleman, who was particularly hard up just then, determined to win it from him. Alex. placed a small table near the lamp, the light from under the shade shining brightly on the polished wooden top. Then he took out a pack of cards and a box of chips from the drawer in the closet, brought some cigars and several bottles and glasses.

"You can take your choice," he said; "there is whiskey, brandy, sherry and in this tall bottle, California wine sent directly to me from a friend who is in the business in that state."

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"A man ought to find something he likes from such a variety," was the reply, with a low laugh. Count Adolph rose and examined the stock on hand. "I have an idea," he went on with sudden enthusiasm. "Have you lemons and ice?"

"Yes, I bought some lemons this morning."

A half dozen was produced.

Then the count continued. "And ice?"

"I can get that in the basement. The landlady is away tonight; I know there is plenty, however."

"Good! While you go for it I will prepare the ingredients, and make up a drink that won fame for our old family steward at home."

Alex, agreeing readily, disappeared down the stairs.

Count de Lessier became at once exceedingly active. His actions, however, were peculiar, if not suspicious. He made a dash to a small chest of drawers

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and looked hurriedly through them; then across to the closet, through the drawers there; then through the clothes which hung on the hooks, and finally the mantle, but was evidently disappointed in his search, for an exclamation sounding like an oath followed.

Coming back to the table, with an ugly expression on his face, he deftly prepared the drink in two of the tumblers, no doubt feeling much disappointed the while, that he had been unable to find the thing which would make the concoction a success. Surely this foreigner had queer ways, for he completed his task by unbuttoning his coat, taking out a flat package and removing some small white tablets which it contained. One of these he dropped into the glass of liquid farthest from him. He moved it to the other side of the table as returning steps were heard on the stairs, and Carpenter entered the room with a bowl of ice. A moment later this made a jingling sound as it was stirred in the cooling



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mixture, then the two men seated themselves at the table with the cards between them. The chips were in uniform piles in front of each man and they began, sipping from their glasses from time to time. They played on in silence after the first game, a serious expression on both faces, as if the result meant everything, even life and death. The light shone brightly on their faces, the Count's flushed and set, while the other's soon became deathly pale, the eyes dull, with dark circles under them. The men had placed money on the table and it was pushed back and forth as one or the other won or lost. The luck seemed to be with the American, and his pile grew larger and larger as time went by. He did not appear like himself, however, keeping his mind on the game with an effort.

Count Adolph had filled his glass a second time from one of the bottles, and had quietly slipped in another tablet from his pocket. After this the French-

#### THE FAMILY HONOR.

man began to gain steadily, but the turn of fortune's wheel, with the liquor he had taken, made Carpenter quarrelsome. He muttered to himself at first; then, when the last coin had been won by his opponent, Alex. seemed to realize what had happened to him, and springing to his feet, with a cry, he leaned toward the other with clenched fists. The table tipped, and, losing his balance, the young man fell on the count, both striking the floor together, the foreigner underneath. They were on their feet in an instant and grappled, but in that short space of time de Lessier had drawn a revolver. He could not use it, as his opponent gripped his hand, so they struggled back and forth from one end of the room to the other, neither being able to gain an advantage. They had not heard the bell ring and knocking at the street door, or the step on the stairs which came on at a bound as a shot rang out. The bullet had passed through the window, breaking the glass, which fell with

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a crash to the ground below. Still the men kept up the struggle for supremacy, the count with brain alert, the American in a dull, animal-like way. Suddenly, as the man outside reached the door, de Lessier tripped, lost his balance and the revolver passed into the possession of the other, after going off, wounding the Frenchman in the breast.

Sir Tommy Anderson, for the man was he, entered the room in time to see the prostrate man on the floor and his friend leaning against the chest of drawers, with the smoking weapon in his hand. He snatched it away. As he did so a stern voice said:

"I arrest you in the name of the law."

Anderson, turning with an exclamation of surprise on his lips, confronted two officers in uniform.

"You arrest me," he exclaimed, "for committing this crime?"

He looked down at the evidence of his guilt, and the words of denial on his lips were left unspoken. His thoughts

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went beyond the room to the mother, seriously ill at her home, who would be crushed by the terrible blow, should the son be branded as a murderer; to the aunt and cousin, their lives wrecked by the disgrace; to himself, with no near relatives but an old uncle, who cared little for him. All this went through his mind in an instant; then the matter was settled.

"I give myself up, officer. Do your duty."

"That's right, my man," one of the officers replied. "You see the evidence is all against you."

The handcuffs were placed on his wrists and one officer took him in charge, while the other made an examination of the room and the other occupants.

Alexander Carpenter had fallen across the arms of the easy chair, entirely oblivious to everything, while the count lay on the floor, with his eyes closed, moving his head from side to side and moaning as if in great pain.

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After a brief consultation the second officer left the house and called the patrol wagon, which soon transferred the party to headquarters.

It was decided that the affair was extremely mysterious and interesting. The officers hearing the shot and sound of falling glass, had entered the house and proceeded to the front room on the third floor. There they had found three men, one badly wounded on the floor, the second unconscious from the effect of drugs and the third, presumably the murderer, standing over his victim with the smoking revolver in his hand, two chambers of which were empty, accounting for both shots. The room was in confusion, chairs overturned, a table in the centre up side down, and the floor covered with a variety of articles consisting of money, chips, cards, bottles, glasses, cigars and bric-a-brac.

The captain was unable to get an explanation of the circumstances previous to the officers' arrival, as the man who

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had been in possession of the revolver would not talk, and the others could not, for both were in the hospital unconscious and under the care of a physician.

Headquarters had hardly settled down to the usual nightly quiet when the guard of the cells and prisoners, approaching the captain's desk, informed him that the man arrested for murder wished to speak to him on a matter of great importance. It was an unusual request to him, for the captain was seldom bothered by the officers, who refused all prisoners in like matters; this seemed a different case. First he gave a gruff negative, but on second thought decided to go to the man and find out what he wanted.

"You wished to see me?" he said, approaching the iron-grated door.

"Are you the captain?"

"I am. Now talk quickly. My time is valuable. I have work to do."

"I have two favors to ask of you," the young man went on. "I know it is irregular, but it may save several people

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much pain and disgrace. Will you keep this affair out of the morning papers, and forward a written note to a friend for me?"

"Well, young man, all I have to say is that you have your share of gall," was the astonished reply. "Do you think for a moment I would do such a thing?"

Anderson went up close to the other and whispered a few words.

"I will send the note, provided I can read it first," was the answer. "In regard to the other matter, it is getting late for morning news. Besides there is a big fire and a railroad smashup in the western part of the state to fill the morning columns. It will have to go into the afternoon edition any way."

As it happened no press representative called, and in less than an hour Mr. Thomas Jefferson was at headquarters in response to a note from his nephew. This man of wealth, one of the great merchant princes of the city, was received

### THE FAMILY HONOR.

with much ceremony and ushered at once into his nephew's cell.

"What is the meaning of this, Thomas?" was his greeting, and his voice, usually so stern, trembled. "Is our honored name to be disgraced?"

"Your name will not, sir. Mine may be. I did not suppose you cared for me so much."

The young man looked at the other in astonishment, for the elder man had risen from his bed on receipt of the note and showed the effect of the shock and hasty toilet.

"You are my sister's child," he said. "I would rather lose my entire fortune than have had this thing happen. Now tell me everything; then we will see what can be done."

The old man seated himself on a stool, which had been put into the cell by the guard, and leaned his head on his hand, as his nephew told his story. Once he had interrupted him to ask for the full names of Alexander Carpenter and the



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count; then he let him go on to the end.

"Is this all?" he asked as Sir Tommy finished. "I don't see that you have committed any crime, if what you say be true, and I am inclined to believe you. Why did you allow them to arrest you as a murderer? Even if you did have the revolver in your hand, you might have denied it, and placed the blame where it belonged."

"The proof was very strong against me, uncle. I should have been arrested anyway, and I am not sure which did it. Besides, I had another reason."

"What was it? Tell me everything, boy. It may mean your life. Good God! isn't life sweet to you, or are you tired of living?"

The old man's face was working with emotion, and the nephew felt a choking sensation in his throat. He hesitated before replying; then he said:

"As I told you, I went to that house to inform the young man of his mother's serious illness. When the officer put me

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under arrest I was bewildered by the suddenness of the whole affair, and was going to deny the accusation, but I looked at my position and paused a moment. That settled my future action, for I thought if he was accused and found guilty it would kill his mother and ruin the lives of his aunt and cousin, while, in my case, there was only my uncle, who cared nothing for me."

"Let me never hear you say that again, for I do care for you; if you get out of this scrape I will prove my relationship by my future treatment. When you did this thing for the sake of old friendship and the Carpenter family honor, you did me one of the greatest favors you could possibly do, for I loved Jane Carpenter years ago and asked her to be my wife. She loved another. You understand what I mean. My wish is for her happiness and to keep sorrow from her. She has had more than her share, poor girl."

Several important events happened in the next few hours, putting a far differ-

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ent aspect on the whole affair. Mr. Jefferson and the police authorities worked together with the following result: Alexander Porter Carpenter had regained his senses, but could remember nothing, his mind having been stupefied by the drug. Count Adolph de Lessier, in whom the police recognized French Jimmy, a noted crook, wanted at the time for burglary, signed a written statement to the effect that in the struggle the revolver had gone off in his hand and as he fell Carpenter had grasped it. From his hand a moment later Anderson had taken it. This cleared all parties, and the affair was hushed up, without the public getting hold of it. The Frenchman received his sentence, but it was made a light one, through the influence of certain parties.

Alex. Carpenter had received the necessary shock and his better nature had been aroused, as Sir Tommy had predicted. He reformed, soon worked up a good law practice and became a

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model son, much to the satisfaction of his mother. This good lady and the other branch of the family discovered Sir Tommy's self-sacrificing part in the affair, and remember it with gratitude and appreciation.







## A PHILANTHROPIC OUTING.



1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

2. The second part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

## A PHILANTHROPIC OUTING.

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SIR TOMMY ANDERSON was seated in a large easy chair in his apartments in Lansing Park on a cool September evening. The paper was finished, and with a great yawn and stretch he sprang to his feet and walked slowly to the front window. The curtains had not been drawn and the young man glanced out at the dimly lighted street below, and the star-filled heavens above. A feeling of uneasiness came over him, and he longed for some definite object to accomplish or something of an exciting nature to turn up. Finally changing his coat and taking his hat and cane he left the house and walking to one of the main thoroughfares proceeded

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in the direction being traversed by the majority of those on the street. There seemed to be much subdued excitement manifested and he could catch portions of sentences giving him the impression of a fire and a strike somewhere. He had reached the vicinity of one of the large newspaper offices, and joining the crowd, pushed his way along until he was able to see the bulletin boards. There he read in large lettering:

RUMORS OF FIRE IN THE  
COAL MINES AT HAMPTON  
NEAR PITTSBURG, PA.

---

BIG STRIKE ON AND MINERS  
LEAVING EVERY HOUR.

---

Trains delayed and many lives in danger.  
State Militia will probably be called  
out to preserve life and  
property.

#### A PHILANTHROPIC OUTING.

Sir Tommy slowly approached the building and reaching the entrance slipped in. Walking through the office he ascended to the floor above. He felt perfectly at home, having been here many times to see his friend, Morton Wolcott, one of the reportorial staff, so now he went directly to the room where these men wrote out their copy. Only some half dozen were present, and were gathered in a group, discussing the strike and the probable outcome.

"Why, how are you?" said one of the men, noticing Sir Tommy, and approaching him they shook hands.

"Where is Wolcott?" the young man inquired. "I don't see him anywhere; he is generally in by this time."

"Yes, the editor called for him a few moments ago. He won't be gone long. Will probably be sent out to the strike. Morton was always a lucky dog, and gets all the plums."

They talked on and presently Wolcott appeared and hurried across to his desk,

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where he gathered up a number of articles including paper and pencils. These he thrust into his pocket and turning said to the others:

"Well, I am booked for the Hampton job. Suppose the rest of you consider me lucky, but it's going to be blamed hard work and plenty of danger of being killed. I haven't any family to mourn my loss, though, if those fellows finish me."

"Who goes with you?" asked one.

"I go alone. The man out there will help me."

Then, seeing Sir Tommy and requesting his friend to follow him, the two were presently in the crowded streets again.

"I say, old man," Wolcott exclaimed suddenly, slapping the other on the back as he reached his side after passing through the mass of humanity, "I have an idea. You were complaining yesterday how slow it was here. Come with me on this little pleasure trip. I warrant

#### A PHILANTHROPIC OUTING.

you will have plenty of excitement before you get back."

"What time do you go?"

"The train leaves at ten thirty, and is due in the region of Hampton some time in the morning. I did not look it up exactly on the other end."

"It won't make any difference in your plans whether I go or not, will it?"

"No, but it would be pleasant to have company."

"I will not decide now," Sir Tommy said. "If I do go I will be there in season."

The friends separated, and Anderson, after making two short calls, returned to his home, where he proceeded to pack his travelling case with the articles necessary for a few days' absence. He did not take any fine clothing, but put on a rough tweed suit with other things to correspond, for he knew the nature of the district and the people. Finally all was in readiness, and, locking up certain things of value, he left the house and re-

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## A PHILANTHROPIC OUTING.



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they were drawn together as if the feeble heat would warm their stiffening hands and bodies.

Sir Tommy and Wolcott approached without attracting the attention of the others and looked down on the novel scene. These men were evidently some of the strikers, from their appearance. The grimy look of those who work in the coal mines was plainly noticeable. Their clothes were in the last stages of dilapidation, hardly covering their bodies, and their faces were haggard, with wild eyes and sullen expression. Suddenly one of them glanced up and an instant later these wild specimens of humanity were on their feet, each holding a heavy stick in his hand as if fearing attack.

"Who are you?" demanded one. "Speak out, or it will be the worse for yer. We don't stand no fooling; that time's gone by."

"You need fear nothing from us," was Wolcott's quiet reply. "We were only passengers on the train behind there,"

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and he pointed along the track in the direction they had come.

A grunt was the reply, and, if the men were satisfied with the answer, they only showed it in lowering their sticks, their faces retaining the same expression as before.

"What good will it do your cause to stop travel by taking up the tracks?" Wolcott went on. "It only kills people's sympathies, and now, when you need help, you won't get it. I have no doubt you have wrongs, but they won't be set right that way."

"You're just right there; we have got wrongs," the man replied. "Big ones, too. We have had them a long time, and stood it. They've promised and promised; but little good it does. We can't work for most nothing and live. Look at me and the rest of us. Don't we look happy and as if we had lots to eat? I tell yer, boss, I ain't had a decent meal for so long I've forgotten when it was. The rest here will say the same."

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There was a low murmur of approval.

"The company's pockets are filled just the same; plenty of coal sent out to market. We all have to pay our rent for living in the corporation houses. They cut down our wages, but they don't that. I ain't generally got no sympathy for strikes, but we had to do something. We got just as much right to live as the rest. We ain't been put on this earth and not to be allowed to get a living out of it."

"I agree with you," Wolcott replied, "in the most you have said, but you are beginning wrong to better yourselves."

"I won't dispute you, boss. I'm ignorant; I never had any larning; but we've been told by them as ought to know that this is the best way."

"Where are we?" inquired Sir Tommy. "How far ahead of us is the town?"

"About two mile, but you won't get there. They'll probably kill yer without asking any questions. I tell yer the men

#### A PHILANTHROPIC OUTING.

are desperate; they don't trust no one. Yer better go back."

With a brief word of thanks for the last information the two friends started ahead, their hands on their revolvers, which they had placed in their pockets some hours previous, on the advice of a train official.

A mile was traversed in silence, only now and then a slight noise being made by a foot coming in contact with a stone, tripping over a tie, the wind blowing through the half dead leaves on the few trees and the quick breathing of the men as they trudged on in the darkness. Presently a low rumbling sound could be heard in the distance, ahead of them, growing louder and louder until it took the form of human voices shouting, and turning a curve in the road a great mass of men was seen moving this way and that, like a cloud in the sky. A few women were also noticeable, and the mob, for it was nothing less, wildly excited, was proceeding in the direction of Hamp-

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ton. One man was evidently endeavoring to lead the rest, but, while they followed him, his orders and commands could not be heard ten feet away and were practically useless, as far as bringing order out of chaos was concerned.

Sir Tommy and Wolcott had now reached the rear of the mob and became a part of the straggling contingent. Here and there large torches made of sticks soaked in tar or of pitch wood gave a flickering light, showing the thin, drawn faces of the strikers, the whole scene weird and uncanny. One woman, with dishevelled head, dress of rags, open at the throat as if to give the owner more chance for breath, and to use her voice for cursing and swearing against the owners of the mines and humanity in general, swung her blazing torch in the air urging on those behind her. Suddenly she noticed Wolcott and coming closer to him screamed in his ear:

"My man and the rest are going to set

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fires to-night. They don't work no more at starvation wages; I tell yer that, and no more coal goes out to warm the rich. They'll be warm soon enough, for we're going to send them to h—l, every one of them. I tell yer one shan't be left when we get through."

With this startling announcement the half-crazed woman dashed away to repeat her story to others, probably more in sympathy with her than the representative of the press.

A moment later Wolcott felt a hand on his arm and a low voice said, "Be careful now; you are watched. Every mother's son in this howling mob is suspicious of the rest. If they think you are not one of them your life is in danger. No judge or jury here. Ten men lost their lives during the day; and the wretches are becoming more blood-thirsty every hour."

Wolcott glanced sharply at the speaker, a short, thick-set man, dressed in a rough, blue flannel shirt and over-

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alls as dirty as his face and hands, altogether a hard looking specimen.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"Wells, of Pittsburg."

"What! Not the local Times representative?"

"The same."

"If that be true, let me congratulate you; your disguise is perfect. How did you know me? We have never met."

"No; I was in New York a month ago, however, and while at the office you was pointed out to me by the editor. I never forget a face, and knew you at once. I sent a telegram yesterday to headquarters," Wells went on, "requesting them to have a man come out here, as there is more work than I can do, and I prefer some one who is on the paper, rather than an outside man. What was the arrangement made? Are you in charge of this affair, or am I?"

"Nothing was said about it," Wolcott replied; "but I think you had better take the lead and direct future movements.

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You know the region, and I don't. I cheerfully put myself under you."

"Very well, I do know this part of the world thoroughly, or ought to after ten years' residence. You was on the train that was stopped a short time ago by the break in the tracks?"

"Yes; we had been warned and were going slowly, so the headlight showed our engineer the break in time to avoid an accident."

"I found out what was being done and sent a telegram from a place down near Hampton to the last station you passed. I knew the track was up, for a man told me several hours ago. Did any one else come along with you?"

"Yes, a number of people, but they must have given it up and gone back to the train. I have only my friend, Mr. Anderson, with me. He came out for a change, and a little excitement."

As they were introduced Wells looked Sir Tommy over from head to foot.

"So you are here for a little excite-



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ment," he said, with a smile on his face. "I think you will be amply satisfied before you get through. Are you properly armed?"

Sir Tommy quietly took out a modern revolver from one hip pocket and another from the other side. Then, unbuttoning his coat, he lifted his vest and showed, strapped around his waist, a heavy belt filled with cartridges and a long, thin, murderous looking knife in its leather case.

The two men gave a low laugh, in which Sir Tommy joined, and Morton Wolcott said, "My friend is better fitted than I for the fighting part of this job, if there is any. He has been around a good deal, and has had experiences enough to fill a good-sized book. I intend putting myself under his protection."

They had been walking along with the crowd, and as the faint light of approaching day was discernible in the east, the light of the torches grew dim,

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faces became clearer and objects more distinct. Hardly an hour had elapsed since the travellers were in their seats on the train, but much had happened. The experience with the men around the bon-fire, joining the mob, the woman with her story about the firing of the mine, and, most important of all, the meeting with Wells, the Times representative, the one man Wolcott wished to find before he began his work.

"You are in great danger," Wells said. Your clothes are too fine for one of the strikers, and now that it is getting light some one will mistrust you and your life will be worth very little. These poor fellows in the rear are stupid, but if they attract the attention of the others it will probably be the end of you. They think every suspicious person is a detective, or some one who intends doing them harm. We are coming to a switch house near the railroad yard, and if we reach there you will be safe, for the man in charge is a friend of mine, and I can

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fix you up in some of his old clothes. This plan was carried out, and a few moments later Wolcott and Anderson left the building, their appearance changed for the worse by old overalls and jumpers, soiled faces and hands and the general appearance of the workman. An hour previous there had been prospect of immediate trouble, but a large body of strikers had gathered around the railroad station and becoming fairly quiet had been addressed by one of the leaders, a man of some education and good judgment. He urged a delay of hostilities until evening in hopes that the mine owners might accede to the demands which had been made upon them before the strike. This gave the two men a chance to write up and telegraph some copy, which they did, in the office of one of the mine superintendents, and it was soon on its way to the anxious, waiting people in the great city.

The day dragged along towards its close without any prospect of settlement

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between mine owners and mine workers. A day which had dawned with bright skies closed with clouds and gloom. A rumor was afloat that trouble would come with darkness, and the authorities were blamed for not sending to the governor of the state requesting the assistance of the militia in keeping order. Wells, with Wolcott and Sir Tommy in his wake, started about seven o'clock for the nearest eating establishment, the hotel lunch room, and working their way through the crowd to the street they proceeded there as quickly as possible. Here, after considerable delay, for the place was the labor union headquarters, food was procured and eaten in silence, the three men listening to catch any word that would give them points for future use. Wells entered into conversation with several, but could not find out a thing new and original, as all talked about their wrongs and what should be demanded of the companies. Finally they went out again, and, taking the

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same route by which they entered the town, proceeded in the direction of the mines, located in a northeasterly direction, some two miles away. Suddenly the darkness was illuminated by a great column of fire, then another and still others, until it seemed like a patriotic celebration, with the accompanying fireworks display. In this bright light men could be seen running in the same direction; the din made by their voices, and by the rapidly increasing flames, was something fearful and indescribable.

"The worst has happened," said Wells, his breath coming quick from his exertions, "those fiends have set the buildings on fire. The whole town may go before we see the end. They are beyond all reason; ready for anything and everything."

"Can't anything be done to prevent a part of this?" asked Sir Tommy. "Why don't the others stand up for their property; fight for it, if necessary."

"They are a set of cowards," was the

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sharp reply, "and the strikers are superior in numbers. From close observation I found that many of the working men here are fine, strong characters; sincere in all they have done and positive that they are in the right."

They paused at the edge of a crowd surrounding a fire, the remains of a building recently collapsed, and the Pittsburg newspaper representative made some inquiries. The man to whom he had spoken looked at him in surprise. "Where have you been, I should like to know. We had a big meeting out here before dark, and some said they were going to take matters into their own hands. Anyway, you can see the result. I tell you, man, things is getting mighty serious." Before he could go on some one on the other side of the circle, who had evidently just reached there, called out in a tone of great excitement, "The trains are burning; two of them just caught, and the other is bound to go. The tracks are all pulled up. They

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say some of the company are aboard the last one."

A thought came suddenly into Anderson's mind at this announcement, and he gripped Wolcott's arm with his strong hand.

"What is the matter with you?" his friend questioned in surprise. "You look white; are you ill?"

"No. I am afraid I have friends on that latest train. The Van Tassells and Carpenters were to go to Pittsburg to attend a wedding on the twentieth; they may be on their way now. Today is the nineteenth."

He paused an instant and then went on: "Good God, man; it would be horrible! They would be innocent victims. We must stop it if possible."

He dashed away, the others following at his heels. The first train was practically consumed, the second burning slowly, but the third, some distance back, had evidently not yet been set on fire. It was in a helpless condition, however,

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the engine having gone beyond the broken track, and had ploughed its way into the ground at the side. The miners were still in the rear watching the other fires, and the New York man hurried on as fast as he could, hoping to be of some assistance to his friends, if they were on board, and to the other passengers.

As they approached the engine a man stepped out from the shadow and the barrel of a revolver came in close proximity to Sir Tommy's head. He recoiled a step at the suddenness of the other's appearance and the gruff charge, "Who are you? Speak, or I shoot."

"I am a friend you can trust. Those with me are newspaper men; we have come to help you if we can."

The weapon was slowly lowered after a lantern held in the man's hand had been swung in their faces. Then Sir Tommy said, "We came this morning on that first train, just burned, and heard, only a few moments ago, of the latest ar-



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rival and the danger of its following the other's fate. I think I have friends on board. I wish to find out."

"We have the names of all for identification if anything happens. Here comes the conductor. He can tell you."

The official reached the group and Anderson said eagerly, "I understand you know the names of your passengers. Is there a Van Tassell or Carpenter among them?"

"Yes; a Mrs. Van Tassell, Mrs. Carpenter and a Miss Carpenter, her daughter, I suppose."

With a word of thanks the young man, continuing on his way, was bounding lightly up the steps of the second car, to which he had been directed, when he was confronted by another road official and looked down the barrel of another revolver. A brief explanation satisfied the guard, and a moment later the young man was surrounded by the three ladies. The relief and satisfaction they felt showed in their faces and in

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their voices as they questioned him eagerly about the state of affairs and the probable result. He gave them a terse account of the strike, the prevailing sentiment among the men, the amount of destruction which had been done and the reason for his presence in the place. As he recounted the terrible scenes he had heard about, the death of the ten men, the physical condition of the strikers and the increasing tendency to destroy by fire, each lady shuddered and turned pale as they drew nearer together.

"How long shall we have to stay in this place?"

"Possibly an hour, but probably all night. There is no means of escape. The track is torn up and guards are stationed everywhere; we must stay here and get along as best we can."

"Can't the governor of the state do anything?"

"He can send the militia here, but, although that might suppress destruction

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for a time, still, until actual fighting begins, they would do nothing."

"The militia surely should be here now to protect life," said Mrs. Van Tassell. "What sort of a man is the governor anyway?"

"A poor stick. Seems to be bound hand and foot by legal forms. Telegrams have been sent to him to-day, but no reply had been received when I left the town. Surely he is the wrong man for the present emergency."

They talked on for some moments; then the young man, who was leaning on the arm of the seat across the aisle from the ladies started to his feet. "Well, I declare, I am a nice one to help a fellow," he exclaimed, a troubled look coming over his face. "I forgot all about my friend, Wolcott, the Times man, and Wells. I came down with Wolcott."

He leaned over the back of a seat and tried to see out into the night, but the dim light from the lamps in the roof of the car made the gloom an intense black.

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"If you will excuse me I will try to find them," he apologized, and lifting his hat Sir Tommy soon disappeared through the door.

So much happened in the next few moments that every one was bewildered and afterward had much trouble to recollect it all. It had been quiet for a quarter of an hour, that is, in contrast to the previous noise about the time Anderson had appeared before his friends, when suddenly there was a bright flash outside, followed by the sound of bullets as they struck the sides and roof of the car. This was repeated an instant later and a third time accompanied by shouts; then figures appeared under the windows, but whether friends or foes the frightened passengers were unable to distinguish. The instinct of self preservation made each one crouch down and it was fortunate that they did for the leaden hail from the last volley came through the windows thick and fast, shattering the

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panes, the glass falling inside and breaking into a thousand pieces on the floor.

When Sir Tommy reached the ground he walked slowly, feeling his way with his hand along the sides of the different cars, then becoming accustomed to the dark and seeing a light ahead he started toward it at a rapid pace. He had traversed possibly half the distance when the first shot was fired in front and he felt a sharp twinge of pain in his shoulder. He kept on, however, and in the excitement of joining the party forgot all about it until some time later. Several of the train hands were there to protect property and the same moment he became one of their number, two men ran up much exhausted and out of breath. Close on their heels came the mob of strikers, some thirty in all, who had fired the shots, drunk, excited and in the condition where they were not responsible for their actions. Their object was to burn the train, and receiving this repulse angered them to such an extent that they

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began to fight, some with rifles of all grades of usefulness, some with sticks and stones and still others, when they were near enough, with their fists. It was a general scrimmage, lasting but a few moments, and finally they were driven off, leaving behind several injured and one dead.

Anderson had received a blow on the head from a stone, knocking him senseless. When he came to himself, just as the fight was over, he felt a heavy weight across his chest and wounded shoulder, which soon became agony almost unbearable. He tried his best with his faint strength to change his position. At last his efforts were rewarded and he moved himself so that he could sit up and breathe in the cool, night air. The weight slipped to his knees and drawing his legs away the young man freed them and struggled to his feet as some one approached with a light for examination.

"Who are you?" was the sharp ques-

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tion, and the man examined the other suspiciously.

"My answer depends," was the reply.

"Are you a railroad official?"

The other was without coat or vest and bare headed, so there was nothing to identify him by his clothes.

"Yes; I am the news agent. Now answer my question."

"I am on your side then, I have friends in the rear train and came out here in time to join the fight. A bullet struck me in the shoulder near the first of it, but — I—guess—it—don't—amount—to — much."

His words had grown slower and more hesitating; now he staggered and would have fallen had not the other caught him.

Taking a flask from his pocket he forced a little of its contents down Sir Tommy's throat, and presently he recovered himself.

A number of other figures with lanterns were flitting back and forth like will-o'-the-wisps, searching for the

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wounded. A groan at their feet brought the two men's attention and eyes to the ground in the immediate vicinity, and stooping down by a low bush they discovered a dark figure lying on its side, the head under the branches.

"Wolcott!" Sir Tommy exclaimed a moment later after they had moved the prostrate man. "He must have fallen on me, and it was his weight that hurt my shoulder. Is he injured much, do you think?"

Morton Wolcott was unconscious and the hasty examination they gave him in the uncertain light was not satisfactory. They could find out nothing as to the nature of his injury, but that he was suffering was a positive fact from the way he groaned when they moved him. Anderson gave a quick glance around, then he said, "The others are probably all busy, so we could not find any one at once. I think I am strong enough to do my share. Let us carry him to the car where my friends are. They can make him



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comfortable." So, staggering along over the uneven ground the two men, with their unconscious burden between them, finally reached the train and the car. Two or three men were standing around and willing hands soon had Morton Wolcott on a long seat, his head propped up with outside wraps. Miss Carpenter, with the knowledge learned from past experience, began giving orders at once and applying what remedies could be procured from the other passengers. Sir Tommy had dropped into the seat in front, utterly exhausted, his shoulder throbbing painfully and he closed his eyes as he rested his head against the cushions. Presently a cool, soft hand was pressed to his forehead and a low voice said:

"It seems I have neglected another patient. The man just told me that you were injured, too. In the shoulder, wasn't it?"

"Yes; but I am all right, thank you; only a little weak. How is Wolcott?"

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The young man looked into Miss Carpenter's sympathetic face.

"He has just opened his eyes and is asking for you. You had better go to him. I think it is something important."

"Let me see to you first," she went on gently, pushing him back, as he attempted to rise, "I must fix you a little."

She assisted him to remove his coat, and then, cutting away the shirt sleeve, which was wet with blood, she bathed his wound. The bullet had evidently struck on the left side near the collar bone and taking an upward course near the skin had come out again at the back, making a painful, but not necessarily dangerous injury. A bandage was rapidly and neatly put in place, and while she was doing this Miss Carpenter answered the question about Wolcott. He had been shot in the side near the thigh, his present condition, the result of the strikers' work, making him unfit for future investigation in his official capacity.

As Anderson went slowly to the oth-

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er's side a plan began to form in his mind and the look in the eyes of his friend, as he gazed up to him, decided the young man.

"I know what is troubling you, old fellow," he said, "I will take your work, and do the best I can until the strike is over."

"You are not able to do it alone, are you?" Wolcott whispered anxiously. "Wells is in the hands of the strikers. They know who he is, and as they fear him, have shut him up somewhere in Hampton. I found it out just before the fight."

He closed his eyes for a few moments as weakness overcame him and moved his head uneasily at the thought of the poor ending to all his hopes in this particular assignment—for he had had hopes—this was one of the chances of a lifetime, and if it had proven successful would have probably advanced him to a higher and more responsible position on his return. Then he knew it was useless to expect that Wells would be able to

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escape from his place of confinement, and if he did the strikers would find him out and he could do practically nothing.

Of course the only alternative was to accept Sir Tommy's kind and generous offer, but his talents had never been put to the test in this kind of work, and he had strong doubts of his success. In fact among his friends this young man of fashion was often misjudged regarding his mental qualities and force of character. They were there, nevertheless, as had been proven many times in the past.

"Yes, I knew Wells was caught. The man who helped bring you in heard through another that the 'newspaper fellow,' as they called him, had been shut up to keep him from sending reports and making trouble outside. So I will have to run things alone," he went on, with a quiet smile that lighted up his pale face, "I can do it, just the same, as newspaper readers will soon find out. You won't be sorry you trusted me, old man."

With a few parting words of instruc-

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tion he went to where Miss Carpenter was waiting and took from her kind hand the crackers and glass of stimulant she offered him, poor enough for a wounded and exhausted man to work on, but the best the situation afforded.

The fair Georgiana accompanied him to the door.

"I have taken quite a responsibility on my shoulders," he said at parting, "and for two reasons. First, because I wanted to do it, and, second, because it helps a friend in trouble. He can return the favor some time if we both escape alive. I wish you people could get out of here, to a place of safety. The strikers are everywhere and to go back along the track is just as dangerous as to go forward. Good by."

With these words he disappeared, and the four hours which remained of the night passed, just how he was never able to tell afterward. He went here and there, sometimes in the midst of a fighting mob, then again with those who

#### A PHILANTHROPIC OUTING.

were sober and more peaceably inclined. Fires were being set in every direction, lighting the heavens and earth, and for a time these poor, misguided people were having everything their own way.

The governor of the state had been notified when it was found that the strikers were beyond control and that property was being destroyed. This was in the afternoon, and it took hours to communicate the orders from the executive headquarters at the capitol to the head of the military division, where the strike was on, to each individual of each company, and then, after the men were properly equipped and armed, to reach the scene of disorder. One regiment was sent out, but after riding in the steam cars for a portion of the distance the tracks were found in such a condition that the men were compelled to get out and walk the rest of the long and tedious journey. So the first signs of approaching dawn of another day began to be no-

#### SIR TOMMY.

ticeable in the east before the regiment arrived.

The appearance of this body of men, well armed and well drilled, soon subdued the strikers and brought about a certain degree of order. There were still rebellious ones, who showed a spirit for fighting, but before the day was done the region was quiet and peaceful.

Sir Tommy had found the mine superintendent's quarters, where the telegrams had been forwarded before and had sent what knowledge he had secured regarding the state of affairs. It was fortunate he had gone there first for he saved time as it proved later that this was the only line in order, other wires having been broken during the night. He also tried to find Wells, but was not successful, as that poor fellow was kept shut up in an obscure building until liberated after the arrival of the soldiers.

The rest is soon told. Anderson gave out after the excitement was over and he had found Wells. The latter accom-

#### A PHILANTHROPIC OUTING.

panied him to the town, where the other injured man with the ladies had preceded him, and they were on their way to New York as soon as the tracks were repaired. Wells could easily do the work now, as the excitement was over, and, although it was some days before the strike was settled, there was no farther trouble. Sir Tommy had a siege of illness brought on by his wounds, the anxiety of mind he had gone through and the exposure during that night. Wolcott recovered first, and one day, with Miss Carpenter, called at the young man's apartments in Lansing Park. The convalescent was in his easy chair, his figure enveloped in his blanket wrap, and the callers received a cordial welcome. After they had talked on various subjects of minor importance to Wolcott there was a brief pause, then he said:

"Now, old man, I have a little matter to settle with you. Did you know it was a crime to use another person's name, and



SIR TOMMY.

that as you did so, you are liable to get yourself into trouble?"

Anderson moved uneasily in his chair and looked side ways at Miss Carpenter. Her eyes were busy with her glove and he tried to stop his friend, but the other went on:

"When I recovered enough, after my return, to have callers, the Times editor came to see me and complimented me on my work. He informed me that our paper was ahead of all others and that an extra edition which was issued the morning after the trouble with the strikers and the arrival of the soldiers had given the latest news and had a phenomenal sale. He went on to say that it had been decided to give me the desk of assistant editor made vacant the week previous by the sudden resignation of the man who had held that responsible position. I was taken by surprise and tried to explain matters, but he would hear very little about it, remarking that he supposed I had had assistance from other

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parties, that I had been tried before and not found wanting and that the position was mine, anyway. So I am assistant editor now of the Times, thanks to you, as you used my name on your dispatches and I received the credit."

"You are welcome to it," Sir Tommy replied, with a laugh. "It would have been nothing to me, and I knew it would help you. I congratulate you on your promotion."

The two shook hands and Miss Carpenter also grasped Anderson's hand in parting.

"I can congratulate Mr. Wolcott on having such a friend," she said. "I needed one once and he proved amply sufficient."

A meaning glance passed between Sir Tommy Anderson and Miss Georgiana Carpenter, then the young man was left alone.

THE END.

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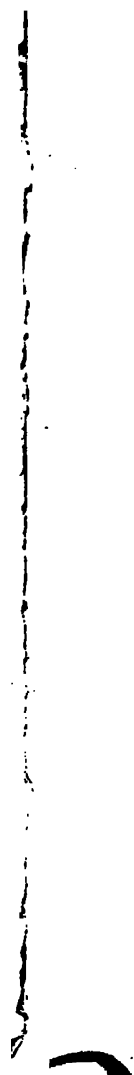
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